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Chronicle

China.—Dispatches from China announced that the last organized body of General Chang Tso-lin's troops surrendered to the victorious General Wu Pei-fu on May 8.

Some 5,000 men gave up their arms, and were given in return five dollars each, allowed to keep their horses and were promised transportation home. General Wu has urged the Peking Government to appoint a new Governor of Manchuria to take the place of General Chang. About 20,000 of the latter's soldiers were disarmed in Tientsin and its vicinity and all told some 50,000 troops, with nearly all of General Chang's artillery and supplies, fell into the hands of the victor. But on May 11 news came that the defeated general was preparing to make a last stand at Luanchow, about sixty-five miles south of the Great Wall on the Mukden Railway, where 10,000 fresh troops had come to General Chang's help, and whither General Wu's forces were advancing. An Associated Press dispatch dated Tientsin, May 13, reported that an independent government had been set up by General Chang. A declaration of independence issued from his headquarters at Luanchow says that, having been divested by the President of authority in Manchuria, Mongolia and Jehol, he

henceforth repudiates all instructions from the President and all treaties negotiated by him. Government officials at Peking said that they had received no official confirmation of General Chang's declaration of independence, but if he should attempt to sever Manchuria from the Republic, the revolt would be suppressed by force. On May 14, foreign interests, it is reported, prevented further fighting for the present by inducing General Chang to evacuate the Chihili Province.

Hsu Shih Chang, the President of the Chinese Republic, announced at Peking on May 12, that in his opinion, "China's prospects of becoming an enlightened and progressive Republic are brighter than ever." He thought the people more united in consequence of the recent hostilities, and in his response to their desire to see militarism abolished, he was taking measures to cut down the army to 250,000 men. Referring to Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the Southern Government, the President said:

I am confident that Sun Yat Sen's Government will fall soon. He is actuated by personal ambition. The southern people are beginning to realize that he is a professional revolutionist and an obstacle to the best interests of China. I want the world to know that the military and political factions do not represent the real sentiment of the Chinese people, who are united at heart. The poor people, who take no part in politics or wars, are being aroused to their rights. Since the Republic was formed ten years ago, China has undergone troubles usual to all European countries which changed their form of government through revolution. We are just beginning the constructive stage. General Wu agrees with me that the first need is the disbanding of the superfluous troops, which I have already ordered along the lines suggested at the Washington Conference. As soon as a new Cabinet is selected other reforms will be announced. I will strive to build up the country by means of commerce and education.

Interest now centers in a reunion movement. The new Ministers favoring General Wu, have delayed taking office.

Economic Conference.—At the close of its fifth week of sessions, the Conference at Genoa was farther from a solution of European problems than when it began.

Conference Faces Failure Russia demands that a loan of \$1,000,000,000 in cash be extended to her at once, and makes this an indispensable condition for agreeing to anything at all. The Allies are in financial difficulties themselves and find it impossible to accede to this request, and besides ask for guarantees

of Russian good-faith. Russia repudiates the debts of the pre-Soviet Governments, refuses to restore the private property which the Republic has nationalized, but at the same time is deeply aggrieved that implicit confidence should not be reposed in her. The Allies have been disposed to make great concessions in order to secure Russian cooperation in the effort to stabilize conditions in Europe, but on each occasion Tchitcherin has shifted his ground, and as a consequence, it is almost impossible to find out what Russia wants, except money.

The Allies insist on talking about the money transactions of the past, but Russia claims that the simple erection of the Soviet has wiped out the past completely. The Allies think that Russia needs the rest of Europe; Russia smiles and declares that this is contrary to facts, it is Europe that needs Russia. The Allies were under the impression that Russia came to the Conference under sufferance and as an act of grace on their part; Russia actually came to the Conference prepared to dominate the entire situation and to dictate the terms of Moscow. Naturally matters are at a standstill, and it is generally admitted that the Conference has failed. It may drag on for some time, but it will not achieve the purposes for which it was summoned. The general settlement of Europe with Russia has not been accomplished. Germany has not been readmitted to good European society, and the plan of effecting a general truce for a period of some ten years looks at present like a beautiful dream.

Whatever hopes were entertained of effecting an agreement with Russia were definitely shattered by the terms of the note dispatched by Russia to the Allies on May 11.

The Russian Note

Tchitcherin refused to accept any of the conditions laid down by the Allied note. The Soviet's suggestion that a commission be appointed to investigate Russian affairs, while it leaves the door open to further negotiations, is admittedly impracticable, both because France refuses to have anything to do with a commission on which Russia is to act, and because Russia will not permit entrance into Russia and facilities for investigations to any commission from which Russia is excluded.

The Russian note, which is very long, begins by stating that the economic reconstruction of Russia is of the greatest interest to Europe and to the whole world, and that it should, as such, lie at the foundation of all the labors of the Conference. In pursuance of this fact, the Russian delegates had laid before the Conference a number of schemes and plans respecting credits and loans which the Soviet Government regarded as essential for its rehabilitation. The note regretfully calls attention to the fact that these plans were not given a hearing. On the contrary the delegates insisted on Russia's assuming liability for a settlement of Government debts and the claims, of individuals. This was a mistake, the note says. The important thing was to devise means of helping

Russia. Not the satisfaction of claims for the past, but guarantees to be given by Russia for the future were the important thing.

M. Tchitcherin deprecates the suspicion in which Russia is held for its repudiation of debts and obligations, and points to the concern shown by the Soviet for the interests of the Russian people as a proof of Russia's sincerity of Russia's sincerity:

The suspicion which it is sought to impute to the attitude of the Russian Government as regards future creditors of Russia because it is not willing to subscribe blindfold to propositions which are too onerous is entirely interested. Repudiation of debts and obligations contracted by the ancient régime, abhorred by the people, cannot in any manner prejudice the attitude of Soviet Russia, the issue of the revolution, toward those who would come with their capital and their technical knowledge to help its revival. On the contrary, the fact that the Russian delegation in the question of the settlement of debts takes into most serious account the interests of the Russian people and the economic possibilities of Russia proves it desires only to assume engagements which it is sure Russia can carry out.

He points out the fact that other States represented at the Conference have repudiated debts and obligations, and sequestrated and confiscated property without having been subjected on that account to the ostracism applied to Russia, and he declares that the discussion of nationalized property is an attempt to graft a political question on to one that is purely material.

The incidents of the last few days, especially with regard to the restitution of nationalized property to its former owners, show clearly that on to a question which in itself is purely material has been grafted a political question. The struggle which is taking place at Genoa around the Russian problem has a more distant and more elevated objective. Political and social reaction which in most countries followed the years of war seeks to defeat Soviet Russia which represents the collective tendency in social organization and complete the triumph of capitalistic individualism. The Soviet delegation has refused and still refuses to introduce into the current discussion any kind of political tendency.

The note ridicules the idea that the world can get on without Russia, and declares that the Genoa Conference in particular cannot proceed one inch towards the solu-

Allied Proposals

Ineffective

tion of economic European questions, unless the Allies accept the idea that the sacrifices they demand from Russia must find their counterpart in analogous sacrifices on their own part. Having ruled out the discussion of Russia's debts by the facile expedient of calling it a political and not an economic question, M. Tchitcherin returns to the question of credits. He notices with regret that credits are not to be extended to the Russian Government but only to the nationals who are willing to trade with Russia. This policy is ineffective, because such credits would be useless unless the Russian Government were assured of financial means necessary to assist the productive powers of the country:

If the Russian Government lacks financial resources or credits to assist industry and agriculture, restore the means of transport and establish a stable currency by stopping the issue of continually depreciating paper rubles, foreign commercial relations of any magnitude will be met by very great difficulties. Moreover, measures aimed at the relief of Russia can only be applied by the Government itself or according to a scheme drawn up in advance. The Russian delegation had intended to put before the Conference such a scheme worked out by competent scientific and industrial authorities. It is not without astonishment that the Russian delegation observes that in the memorandum of May 2 general considerations containing no definite proposals are put forward with regard to the main question of the relief of Russia, while the question of the settlement of inter-governmental debts and private claims is put forward in the form which aims at foreseeing the smallest details.

Passing from the question of expediency to that of right, the note refers to the precedent set by the French Government in 1792, when it repudiated the treaties and

Russia's Justification

debts of its predecessor and finally consented to pay one-third purely out of motives of opportunism. He also instances the repudiation of the treaties of England and Spain by the United States, and the seizure of the goods of the nationals of conquered States by the victorious States during and at the conclusion of the World War:

The Russian delegation is obliged to recall a principle of right, namely, that revolutions which are a violent rupture with the past carry with them a new juridical status in the external and internal relations of States. Governments and systems of government which have emerged from a revolution are not bound to respect the obligations of Governments which have lapsed. . . . In conformity with precedent Russia cannot be compelled to assume any responsibility toward foreign powers and their nationals for the annulment of the public debt and for the nationalization of private property.

Russia also appeals to another principle of right, and declares that the Soviet Government is not responsible for damages inflicted on the nationals of other nations by acts which were not those of the Government itself:

Here again judicial doctrine is entirely in favor of the Russian Government. Revolution, like all other great popular movements being akin to *force majeure*, does not confer upon those who have suffered from it any title to indemnity. When foreign citizens supported by their Governments demanded from the Czarist Government repayment of losses caused by the revolutionary events of 1905-06 the latter rejected their demands and based its action on the consideration that not having accorded payment for damages to its own subjects for similar events it was unable to place foreigners in a privileged position.

Thus from the point of view of law Russia is in no way bound to pay debts of the past, to make restitution of property or to compensate its former owners any more than she is bound to pay compensation for other losses suffered by foreign nations, either as the result of legislation which Russia had chosen in the exercise of her sovereign rights to give herself or as a result of the events of the revolution.

Having set forth her position, Russia proceeds to withdraw previous concessions and to reject the conditions imposed by the Allies. Nevertheless, Russia is willing

to continue negotiations, and is prepared to recognize liabilities, excepting war debts, upon the absolute condition that concessions equivalent to and corresponding to these concessions are made in favor of the Russian people by the other contracting parties, these equivalent concessions being based on the damage done to Russia by intervention and blockade on the part of the Allies and neutrals which constituted official acts of war against Russia. With a view to arranging these mutual concessions Russia proposes that a mixed commission be appointed to examine the financial difficulties existing between Russia and the Allies.

England.—It has been evident for some time that Lord Robert Cecil was uneasy and uncertain in his party allegiance. He has been a Conservative and a Coalitionist and has offered to cooperate with Lord Grey. Now, in a letter of great length to Colonel Heaton-Ellis, chairman of

Lord Robert Cecil and a New Party

the Hitchin Division Unionist Association, he defines his present position and outlines the political doctrine, which, he thinks, holds promise for the future. In so doing he lets it be seen that no existing party is good enough for him, and seems to call for the rise of one that shall take a definite middle course. The old division between Liberal and Conservative, he contends, no longer corresponds to real differences of opinion. New issues, he believes, are to the fore, on which the present Government is divided with disastrous results. Some wish to return to pre-war conditions. Against these reactionaries stand the revolutionaries who would change society by the mailed fist. Between these stands the great bulk of the population, which, uncertain whether there is a body of coherent and defensible political doctrine, knows not whether it must adopt the doctrine of opportunism followed by the present Government or to oppose it. Thus two sets of extremists face each other in the field, a dangerous situation.

Lord Grey asks whether there is no middle course which may lead to safety? With regard to foreign policy he says that the settlement of the reparations question is vital. But he maintains that a settlement will never be made as long as the methods of the Paris Conference are followed. England must abandon the idea of imposing obligations on Germany, and induce her to accept them. As a first step Germany should be admitted to the League of Nations and the machinery of the League should be utilized for ascertaining impartially what she can be fairly asked to pay. Similarly in England's dealings with France, he holds that England should give up treating her with alternate doses of cajolery and bluster, and try what a plain statement of policy would do. When he comes to internal questions, and particularly to the vital problem of labor, Lord Grey is perhaps still more explicit. If ever, he says, we are to get a healthier state of industrial opinion, it must be realized that labor has,

so to say, grown up, "and workingmen can no longer be treated as children. They want a voice in their own destiny." . . . "It is impracticable now to refuse them some voice in the direction of their own destiny." Somebody, he adds, representative of all interests in industry should be asked to think out and formulate plans, not so much to succor the employed as to prevent unemployment from taking place. Lord Grey's letter caused no slight commotion. Not only does it express the opinions of one high in Government circles and whose personal views are always listened to, but it was felt that it crystallized the sentiments of a great many others who are genuinely dissatisfied with the present state of affairs and would welcome a change.

France.—After describing in AMERICA, May 13, the material sufferings and the growth in a deeper spiritual life of the French clergy, P. Doncoeur of the Paris

**Scientific Labors
of Clergy**

Etudes adds a brief review of their scientific achievements. Those achievements met at the outset with serious handicaps. The general poverty prevailing among the priests, the multiplicity of their occupations which left but little time or opportunity for serious study, the extremely high cost of books, were as many obstacles for the student. Nevertheless, in spite of all these difficulties, says Father Doncoeur, the clergy again proved itself faithful to the literary and scientific traditions of the past, which the first years of the present century did so much to revive. The Catholic Institutes and Universities resumed their activities. The Catholic Universities in particular of Paris, Lyons and Lille are flourishing. Works of the highest value and worth have appeared. In particular must be noted those of Father Prat on the theology of St. Paul, of Father Lagrange on the Gospel of St. Luke, of Father Allo on Apocalypse, of Father Condamin on Jeremias, the volumes of Father Brémond on the religious history of France. In another field, the "*Manuel des Etudes Grecques et Latines*" of Father Laurand conferred great honor on Catholic scholarship.

Learned reviews also resumed their labors. In the first rank are found the *Recherches de Science Religieuse* and the *Revue des Questions Philosophiques et Théologiques*, published by the Jesuit Fathers and the Dominicans. Such important works as the "*Encyclopédie des Sciences Religieuses*" made considerable progress. The dictionaries and encyclopedias of theology, history, archeology and liturgy, lately published in France, enjoy a world-wide reputation among Catholics and non-Catholics; the same holds of the "*Dictionnaire de la Foi Catholique*," now approaching its completion. Thoroughly scientific in method and documentation, but more popular in presentation must also be mentioned the M. l'Abbé Mourret's eight-volume "*Histoire de l'Eglise*"; the collection known as "*Les Saints*," to which some of the best-known Cath-

olic scholars in France contributed. From all that has been said by Father Doncoeur in his study of the present situation it can be safely concluded that the interior and spiritual life of the clergy, together with its intellectual and scientific achievements in many fields afford a consoling spectacle. Were there more workmen in the ranks the good now done would be greatly increased.

Russia.—"Is the famine really bad?" W. N. Ewer, the New York *Nation's* correspondent in Moscow, was asked by "idiots" in England and America. In a letter dated March 2 he reports that the

Famine Still Bad famine is still very severe in Russia and that there is no doubt that cannibalism is actually practised in the Volga provinces. Though at Buzuluk late in February sixty per cent of the railroad personnel were down with typhus, no one stole the food that was being transported to the starving districts, and the "Friends have lost only about one-half of one per cent of their food in transit." To relieve the towns is a comparatively easy problem, but how to get food to the scattered villages is the great difficulty, for "the vast majority of the starving people are in the villages or in the tiny isolated farmsteads, miles and miles away from the railroad." Relief-food must be sent from Moscow to Buzuluk, a journey of 700 miles over a broken-down railway line, one train running about once a fortnight. The correspondent then writes:

But Buzuluk is only the beginning. From there everything must go on sledges, drawn by horses or oxen or camels to the advance bases. The animals, remember, are underfed; and so are their drivers. And it is a two days' journey to Alexievka and Andrievka, though they be not very many miles to the south of the rail. Then from the advance ports again the food must go out to the actual feeding points, where the village committees distribute it to the children. . . .

Is it better to save one family and to let another die, or to save the children of both and let all the grown-ups die? Can you get a glimpse of what lies behind that calmly debated question—can you glimpse what is happening when a question like that has to be calmly debated and decided upon by such men and women as have enlisted for the famine war? But—very often all does not go well. Here is a tiny incident told me the other day by an A. R. A. worker. (He went back to the front next day; and now he is down with typhus.) "We allotted," he said, "so many thousand rations to that village. They were to send in to the base for them. They had six horses and four camels left. We waited for them. The food was ready. But—they never came. Either the animals had died, or the way was blocked by snow-drifts. We never heard. But every soul in that village must be dead by now." And that dead village must be typical of scores—or hundreds.

According to the latest figures thirty-three million people are affected by the famine. Of these 19,000,000, on March 1 were dependent on relief food. "About 10,000,000 are fed by relief agencies when all goes well, but 9,000,000 people must die before summer comes on the Volga."

The Repopulation Problem of France

A. J. CASTRAIN

Special Correspondent for AMERICA

AT a time when Havelock Ellis is writing new books advocating restriction of the birth-rate France is making most strenuous efforts to correct the evils of birth-control, the product of the fallacious philosophy propounded with so much success several decades ago by sociologists who were obsessed with the same fear of overpopulation as Mr. Ellis is. The business mind is the practical mind, and it is quite remarkable that the French business men were the first ones to launch a large-scale movement in favor of the repopulation of France. A number of scattered organizations had done, it is true, effective pioneer work. But the French Chamber of Commerce gave the impulse to the holding of the first National Natality Congress at Nancy in 1919. A review of the resolutions passed at this Congress and at the succeeding ones held at Rouen in 1920, and at Bordeaux in 1921, shows with what vigor and from what different angles this complex problem was approached.

In view of the many fallacious texts advanced by birth-control agitators giving the color of ennobling culture to their propaganda, it is of more than academic interest to note that these Congresses went on record in their emphasis of the general principle that civilization and fecundity are not contradictory things but rather that civilization is founded on a utilization of the forces of nature together with a respect for Divine and human laws, on which in turn, are grounded the well-established customs that enshrine the sacred relations of man and woman; not in licentious liberty, nor in material progress is civilization found, since these entirely rob, or at least deplete, the human will of its strength in its fight against vicious instincts and moral vices. This statement of principle raised the work of these assemblies to a high moral plane, quite in consonance with the realities of the problem as expressed in the keynote of the address of M. August Isaac, a Catholic business man of Lyons and president of the Congress at Bordeaux: "If we desire that France be strong, prosperous and peopled, it is above all things our duty to defend public morality, to elevate the national conscience and to safeguard the souls of our children from corruption."

All the other resolutions were conceived and adopted in the same spirit. Because of the insufficiency of educational facilities and the laxity of school attendance prevailing in some of the provinces of France a stricter enforcement of the laws of compulsory education was demanded; the Catholics took the opportunity of pronouncing solemnly the need and the right of the freedom

of instruction as regards moral precepts enforced by the sanctions of religious doctrine. In their stand on the abolition of the divorce laws, it is worthy of note that they were seconded by the Protestant committee on moral and religious resolutions, declaring itself for the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Measures for extended child-welfare work, including parental care, nursing stations, day nurseries, consultation offices, stipends to mothers nursing their own children, bonuses to workers with large families, were advocated. A well-organized campaign against the housing evil, tuberculosis and alcoholism was started, the latter particularly engaging the attention of the congressists in a rather detailed resolution. Civil and political inequalities led to a resolution demanding a revision of the military service and taxation law; and, strangest of all things, in this country where under the influence of Rousseau individualism shoots its wildest shoots, the cry for the family vote as against the individual vote has gone out into the land, asking that by means of a special vote of a father, mother, trustee or guardian, all the members of a family be given a voice in the affairs of the nation. History wields a powerful argument, wrote Henry Pesch, S.J., the renowned German sociologist, on one occasion: It is the *argumentum ad absurdum*, and extreme individualism has produced the absurdities which far-seeing thinkers proclaimed when individualistic philosophy was the rage which at that period cool and calm argument could not allay.

Resolutions are notoriously sterile. What action followed the discussions and resolutions of these congresses? A large bibliography has grown up about this gravest of all of France's problems. Up to the present writing, over 250 legislative proposals have been made to the Chamber of Deputies having in view the repopulation of France. A special bureau, the *Conseil Supérieur de Natalité*, has been created in the French Ministry. A progressive reduction of railroad rates has been made in favor of the head of a large family; bread cards at reduced prices are issued to them; over fifty family-allowance funds have been established by employers' associations, granting a bonus to a worker in proportion to the number of children he has; the military service law has been recently amended having regard for a more equal distribution of service burdens among the families of France; income taxation has placed increased levies on families of wealth, a remarkable thing when it is remembered that France is the classic country of opposition to this form of taxation; a law was passed forbidding Neo-Malthusian agitation.

Pastorals have been issued by the Bishops to their priests recalling them to their duty of giving proper matrimonial instructions to those intending marriage, and as a result, clergy conferences are being held in most of the dioceses at which the best methods of bringing home to the popular mind the principles of moral theology relevant to this point are discussed.

Very important, too, are the various organizations that have as a purpose the formation of public morality in harmony with the standards of a sound national birth-rate, such as *L'Alliance Nationale*, founded already in 1896 by M. J. Bertillon and M. Charles Richet, proposing especially fiscal measures for an increase of the birth-rate, *La Ligue des Familles Nombreuses*, which has been established for purposes of popular propaganda, *La Plus Grande Famille*, taking as members only fathers and mothers who have or have had five or more children, *Pour la Vie*, founded in 1916 by M. Paul Bureau and M. G. Rossignol for the protection of the civic, social, political and religious rights of large families, *L'Association du Mariage Chretien*, organized under the patronage of the late Cardinal Amette for the purpose of reawakening the Christian ideal of marriage among young people and those already united by marital bonds, *Les Associations Catholiques des Chefs de Famille*, unit-

ing the fathers of families in associations which already before the war numbered 800, grouped in twenty-five federations, with a view to forming a family conscience and to insist on the family right of a religious education. These and similar organizations have formed the large *Confédération Générale des Familles*. The influence is tremendous. Due to their activities a number of endowment funds have been created out of which money prizes are distributed annually to large families. The best known are the Lamy Foundation and the Cognacq Foundation, the latter distributing annually 2,250,000 francs to ninety of the largest families in France. Very significantly these prizes are called *Les Prix de Vertu*. Their distribution on December 2 last year formed one of the big events of the *Académie Française*. Not less prized are the awards of gold and silver medals called *Famille Française*, given to mothers of families in which there are at least five children living.

This is necessarily only a scant sketch of the intense activities in France, flung out as a challenge to the vicious practise of birth-control. Will the people of the nations now caught in the toils of a mighty propaganda for birth-control learn their lesson from France? Perhaps not. A wit once remarked that men learn nothing from history save that men learn nothing from history.

An Irish Meeting

JAMES LYNCH

Special Correspondent for AMERICA

IT is a not unpleasant task for an American newspaperman to "cover" an Irish political meeting. The getting there is the most difficult part of the assignment. Most of the meetings are held in the smaller towns and railroad travel in Ireland is not nearly as comfortable as it is in Massachusetts or Illinois. If you travel in a first-class compartment you ride alone and consequently miss all the fun of the thing. Riding in the third-class cars you get lots of "atmosphere" from among those who sit around about you, but your feet are likely to freeze, your bones to chill, and you run the risk of being "gassed" by the fumes from the pipes of your fellow-travelers. To the tender-footed American there are two abominable things in Ireland. One is the Irish mud, the other the Irish tobacco.

But when you get to the meeting and the proceedings are under way, you forget all these things and settle down to a really enjoyable afternoon. Irish campaign orators are far and above their fellows in the United States. They are keener-minded, appear to know better the subject under discussion, speak with a more convincing tone and manner and grace, above all, they have that saving sense of humor which is the inseparable genius of a great master. Irish political crowds, too, are much more interest-

ing than political crowds in the United States. They, too, are well informed regarding the questions under discussion and they are not slow to speak "right out in meeting," despite any protests which may be hurled against them. It seems to be agreed over here that heckling is an important and necessary part of a successful political meeting. The audience reserves the right to heckle a speaker and the speaker has the right to answer back in a heckling tone. Taken altogether, it is not an unpleasant arrangement. If the entire personnel of an ordinary Irish political meeting could be transplanted to New York, they would fill Madison Square Garden every night in the year.

Last Sunday afternoon, in the town of Waterford, the Treaty orators held forth. A crowd of ten or twelve thousand turned out for the occasion. Michael Collins was the "star," ably supported by a very excellent cast which included "oldtimers" like Joe McGrath, Sean Milroy, Ernest Blythe and the lovable Dr. White, member of the Dail and Mayor, *par excellence*, of Waterford. It was said that a speaker's stand had been erected on the mall on Saturday, but the enemy came in the watches of the night, sawed the platform into three or four parts and even tried to set it afire. The Sinn Fein band, too, was a

disappointment. According to the program, the band was to meet the speakers and the newspaper men at the railroad station upon the arrival of the Sunday train from Dublin. There had been rehearsals almost nightly for more than a month, but here again the enemy foiled the plans. Somebody broke into the Sinn Fein club-house late on Saturday night and stole all the instruments. These were not returned until Monday morning.

The speeches were delivered from a window of the Town Hall and, as the meeting progressed, the "booing," heckling and groaning kept pace. The opposition appeared to be well organized and the interruptions came with a regularity which gave evidence of long experience and training. Every once in a while a handful of anti-Treaty literature was scattered above the heads of the crowd and the tricolor flag of the Irish Republic not infrequently waved to the breeze. Draped about the roof of the Town Hall above the heads of the speakers' window were cloth streamers with such mottoes as: "Long Live the Republic," "Up De Valera," "Down with the Free State."

Mr. Collins delivered the principal address of the day. He began by saying something of the pleasure it gave him to come to Waterford for a plain talk with honest Irishmen, "and to say a word or two to the slackers, to those of you who were civilians in war time and warriors in peace." "I ask you," proceeded the handsomest man in Ireland, "I ask you to endorse this Treaty because it gives back to us our freedom, that freedom for which we have fought and suffered and died, down through all the centuries of our bondage. This is freedom," he shouted as a dissenting murmur rose from the crowd; "It is concrete and absolute freedom and security, whereas the alternative is disunion, anarchy and chaos."

It was while the redoubtable Mr. Collins was discussing the possibilities of the alternatives to the Treaty that someone in the crowd raised aloft the Republican tricolor. "Splendid!" he interjected. "That's fine! I am glad to see that old flag flying. That is our flag and let us never be ashamed of it. I can look at it fairly and squarely and that's more than some of you can do." "Up De Valera," shouted a voice in the outskirts. "That flag and the Republic for which it stands were surrendered by Mr. De Valera," Mr. Collins shouted back. "What did our men die for?" someone asked. "They died for freedom," countered the speaker. "And they died gloriously, like men, true men. But you, you who are shouting so loudly here today, you were never willing to die for freedom or for anything else."

Mr. Collins speaks slowly and distinctly with a rich South-of-Ireland accent. He is a vigorous man who uses short, sharp sentences which cut like a knife. Mercilessly he attacked the opponents of the Treaty. He characterized the De Valera policy as one of intimidation and mutiny. He attributed the disorders on the border to this policy and challenged the former President to "disassociate himself from this business, for the good name of

Ireland, for the safety of our Catholic poor of the North and for the establishment of peace."

Mr. Sean Milroy is not so gentle in handling the hecklers as is Mr. Collins. When the hecklers began on Mr. Milroy, he likened them to a lot of howling lunatics, "who ought to be locked up in a refuge." "Well," shouted a rosy-cheeked lad with a De Valera button in the lapel of his jacket, "we'd rather be in a strait-jacket than in the Free State."

"I hold" resumed Mr. Milroy after the laughter, in which he himself joined, had died down, "I hold that the Free State is in every way consistent with the Proclamation of the Republic in 1916 which declared the right of Ireland to the unfettered control of her destiny." Later on, when he referred to the activity of Mr. De Valera in opposition to the Treaty, a part of the crowd shouted, "Up De Valera!" "All right, you may shout for De Valera all you like," he retorted, "but you can't and you shall not ram the De Valera policy of destruction down the throats of the Irish people."

Mr. McGrath, in the course of a vigorous speech in support of the Treaty, evoked great applause when he begged the hecklers to "Step right out from the crowd and hand up your names as good Republicans for volunteer service along the border in defense of the lives and homes of your Irish brothers."

After the Waterford meeting was ended, the campaigners journeyed over to the little town of Dungarvan, where another pro-Treaty meeting was scheduled. There was a rumor in the air that the automobile in which the speakers rode carried also a number of large cross-cut saws. It was said that the De Valeraites had felled a number of large trees across the main roads in order to delay the arrival of the speakers at Dungarvan, but the campaigners experienced no difficulties and arrived at the meeting on time.

It had been arranged by the committee at Dungarvan that the speakers should address the meeting from a large motor-truck which was drawn up in the middle of a wide street in the center of the town. The local chairman was about to open the meeting when, to the amazement of the crowd, the motor started off at a rapid pace with the speakers and a number of the local celebrities aboard. At the first corner, the motor turned to the left and proceeded on its way back to Waterford. The crowd howled and cheered and ran after the motor which soon was halted and made to retrace its tracks back to the original meeting-place.

Mr. Collins was the first speaker, and here again he chided the hecklers for their heckling. "The disunion you are creating, the tactics you are adopting, are the greatest hope of the Belfast Orangemen. If you will but conserve the energy and vocal ammunition which you seek to expend upon me, I will lead you up to the North where both may be put to better use in defending the lives of Catholics who are being slaughtered at this very

hour." This retort brought forth a great cheer from the crowd and Mr. Collins, seemingly a trifle angered and displeased, went on:

"You are the fomenters of disorder in the South. You are destructionists. You are not constructionists. I do not absolve you from the responsibility for the crimes which are taking place in the North-east. I have met the people from Ulster—" "Aye, and did you take dinner with them?" queried an old gentleman in the crowd. "No, I did not," angrily replied Mr. Collins. "I went without my dinner and I have gone without my dinner on more days than most of you have and that's not bragging about it either."

"That is always the way," continued the speaker. "We have so many here who are ever ready to find fault and to criticize those who are seeking to bring some sort of order out of the frightful conditions of disorder and chaos which appears to have submerged us. Up in the North-east when I try to talk peace and order they remind me of the conditions in my own house. They tell me of the things which are happening down here in the South. More than once I have been taunted with being in a most precarious condition and unable to answer for any situation or eventuality. I have tried to say that I stand as the spokesman for the Irish people, but they refuse to listen to me. 'Go home,' they say. 'Go home and set your own house in order.' Ah, yes," shouted Mr. Collins in a voice which reached the furthestmost corners of the crowd, "I tell you that it is an abomination that our Catholic fellow-men are being slaughtered in Ulster by their Protestant neighbors and the greatest help which is given to them, to those who do murder, comes from those among our own who are constantly fomenting disorder and strife."

And so it goes in the Irish campaign for or against the London Treaty. Many folks here say that Messrs. Griffith and Collins made a mistake in getting into the campaign at all. Some others say that they should have insisted upon a vote being taken at once and without delay. But the leaders of the Provisional Government know what it is that they are about. To rush matters now would but leave them open to serious criticism. The charge would surely be made that the Irish people had been stampeded into approving the Treaty. Even Mr. De Valera, during the debate in the Dail on the Treaty, hinted that, while he believed the Irish people favorable to the Treaty at that time, they would not be so later on, after they had an opportunity of examining the document and calmly weighing its importance and effect. If he is of the same mind now, he is not so well informed regarding Irish opinion as he ought to be.

To the impartial observer it appears that the Treaty and the Treaty party will "win in a walk," and this despite the vigorous campaign in opposition and, the hecklers. God bless them! They are a noble band of genuine artists who do much to make life worth the living in this land

torn and sundered wide by seven centuries of bitter hatred on the part of men lustful for the wealth, the power, the prestige of empire. Peace will yet come to Ireland. There must be peace in a land where the hearts of so many of the men are strong and courageous and clean and where the souls of the women are as free from the taint of sin as are the suckling babes at the breasts of the mothers.

Belfast, March 30.

American Anglicans and the Greek Church

HENRY E. O'KEEFE, C.S.P.

FOR the first time in exactly one thousand years representatives of the Greek Orthodox Church in Constantinople have acknowledged a representative of the Catholic Church. This information has been sent to Pope Pius XI by Mgr. Dolci, Apostolic Delegate in Turkey.

The Pontiff is said to have been much gratified to learn that a delegation from the Greek Ecumenical Patriarch, headed by the great Archdeacon, Mgr. Neofitos, called officially on the Apostolic Delegation and expressed condolences for the death of Pope Benedict and good wishes for the advent of Pius XI. The recognition is considered an important step toward the reunion of the Orthodox Greek Church with the Catholic Church. It is believed to be due to efforts in this direction first made by Pope Leo XIII., which were continued by Pius X. and Benedict XV. In contrast to this we have American Anglicans carrying on a bewildering and illicit relationship with vagabond Greek Patriarchs, Bishops and priests who come here and are discredited at home by their own countrymen of good repute. The recent and astonishing reception of the so-called Patriarch of Constantinople in the Anglican Cathedral of this city is an example. The rumor of the illegality of his election and the equally confusing rumor that he was formally excommunicated by his own Bishops did not seem to impress the American Anglican clergy.

Because of internal wrangles and combinations of schisms the Orthodox Greek Church is being cut to pieces. Even now it is impossible to learn at this distance in America, the present status of the Ecumenical Patriarch, Meletios. That he was welcomed at Constantinople on February 6 by crowds as the procession passed to the Phanar, is indeed no indication of the canonical definiteness of his position. The tumultuous political condition of Constantinople and the Eastern crisis generally at this moment, make it difficult to discover how much value there is in a popular or even an ecclesiastical demonstration. One report dated February 17 has it, that although the Athens Government has endorsed the Kathaireses pronounced by the Metropolitan, Theokletos' court, the great body of Eastern opinion, supports the validity of the Patriarch's election. To us, however, this question of validity is of little import, for we are insisting on the dis-

proportionate, if not dishonorable, relationship of the American Anglicans with the Orthodox Greeks. They have the outstretched arm for anything or anybody or anywhere but Rome. Yet they must not only acknowledge the historicity and antiquity of the Roman position but the wide historical and doctrinal gap that yawns between the Orthodox Greek and the American Anglican. Then it had to remain to American Anglicans to pour American money into Athens to build what most travelers who know the religious conditions regard as a joke. To add to the facetiousness of the event the American church lies within the shadow of Hadrian's Arch. In 1913, the Anglican and the American church had about a hundred English and American attendants. Fortescue says that the number of Greeks attracted by all these people is infinitesimal. More than once the Orthodox Greek Church has formally excommunicated its members who have allied themselves with English and American missionaries. The Orthodox are forbidden to attend the missionaries' meetings. If they disobey, they are expelled from the established Church. They are very few. They call themselves Greek Protestants. The Church at Athens can hardly hold together, so small is the congregation.

Furthermore, the American Anglicans are ignorant of the facts that there are degrading ecclesiastical and racial disputes now waging in the Orthodox Greek Church. These misfortunes have made adventurers and beggars of many a Greek Bishop and priest. Some, however, are sincere and have come to America to ask assistance for their suffering people. Some are grossly insincere and venal. These latter are the first to say or do anything in keeping with any other religious system. With Oriental subtlety they are easily plausible and more especially when goaded by the rigors of poverty and the flattery of social and ecclesiastical patronage.

Moreover, American Anglicans do not appreciate the radical antipathy of the Greeks and the Russians for they receive them as if they were one in doctrinal and religious aspiration. Racial and political antagonisms have produced within a few years an astounding number of schisms of a most disruptive religious nature. Because of economic confusion and political disturbances and untold domestic misery, Patriarchs, Metropolitans and Archimandrites have made concessions. These evidences of weakness have reacted on the priests and people. This goes far in explaining their supine associations with American Anglicans.

The Bulgarian Exarch resident in Constantinople is the head of the entire Bulgarian Church. He is recognized by the Russian Church, but is considered excommunicate by the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. The Greek Patriarch of Constantinople has always claimed jurisdiction over the Bulgarian Orthodox Church. But the Bulgarians have revolted and have been in a state of schism to the Patriarch since 1872. In Bulgaria, they

are ruled by their own Holy Synod. The Bulgarian Exarch at Constantinople is regarded by them as the head of the entire Bulgarian Church and not the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. Yet the American Anglicans receive the Greek Patriarch as if he were the accepted head with canonical jurisdiction over the entire Greek Orthodox Church. There is another cruel fact which distresses us in reference to the American Anglicans. Much of the material and social assistance given by them to the Russian Orthodox clergy has but strengthened the influence of the Russian Orthodox endeavors to lure many such poor people as the Uniat Greek Ruthenians and other Slavs away from the Catholic Church.

As for the theological aspect of this question, American Anglicans do not seem to perceive that Rome is not alone in its repudiation of the Anglican theory; it meets with a like repudiation by the East. What is the reason for the unending flirtations of the American Anglicans with these wandering Greek Bishops and priests of unknown antecedents? The root reason is this, that the Anglican and Eastern Communion are one in their rejection of the jurisdiction of the Vicar of Christ by which the visible Church is held the world over in visible unity as the visible kingdom of Christ. The claim that the Roman, Eastern, and Anglican Communion form one visible Church, is a purely High Anglican tradition. Easterns have never held it, and are quite unaware of it. And so far from claiming to be of the same Church as the Roman, on the contrary, they claim that their Communion, exclusively of the Roman, is the whole Church. This, of course, is tantamount to saying that the Church of Christ is no longer the Church of "all nations," no longer Catholic, but merely national, erastianized, local. Such, nevertheless, is their contention, and Anglicans would do well to ponder it. If ever they arrived at negotiations for their longed-for union with the East they would at the same time find themselves faced with an objection to their claim of oneness with Rome. Easterns are in any case consistent in this, that, identity of origin and visible institutions notwithstanding, they do not claim to be of one visible Church with Rome, since they are not of the same visible polity, and they quite logically emphasize the fact.

The distinguished convert, Mr. H. P. Russell, in his splendid study of the visible unity of the Church writes that in a correspondence graciously accorded him by Newman, the great Cardinal said: "It is as unmeaning to say that the Roman Communion and the Anglican form that one church, as to say that England and the United States of America form one civil polity." His Anglican correspondent did not at that time see the point. Neither, indeed, did Newman himself perceive it in his Anglican days, since he tells us in his "Apologia" that he then thought that "The unity of the Church lay, not in its being a polity, but in its being a family, a race, coming down by Apostolical descent from its first founders and

Bishops." Later on, however, in his "Development of Christian Doctrine," Newman speaks of the Catholic Church as being "one kingdom or *civitas* 'at unity with itself,'" and in relation to the Anglican misconception he asks: "Who will in seriousness maintain that relationship of sameness of structure, make two bodies one?" On June 25, 1846, Newman wrote to his then Anglican friend, Henry Wilberforce:

And it is to me utterly marvelous how a person of your clear intellect can seduce himself into the notion that a portion of Christendom, which has been disowned on all hands, by East as well as West, for three hundred years, and is a part of no existing communion whatever, but a whole in itself, is nevertheless, a portion of some other existing visible body, nay of two other existing visible bodies, Greek and Latin. (Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Newman," Vol. 1, p. 129.)

It would seem to me, as one knowing the profound sincerity of many American Anglicans among the clergy and laity, that they should not court the favor, not always genuine, of the Orthodox Eastern Church, not only because it is historically and grossly illogical to do so, but likewise because it impedes the noble movement for Christian unity. The deposition of the Czar has left the Church in Russia not only popeless, if one may use the word, but in utter doctrinal disruption and religious con-

fusion. The revolution has not only demoralized the people, but the clergy. The best among them are heart-sick. This is the reason for the advent of their representatives and the Greek delegates to Rome on February 14, 1922. They want some authoritative bond of unity and not a man of straw. So they have appealed not to Canterbury, but to Rome. Furthermore, the American Anglicans do not seem to see that their hope of recognition by the East will always be futile because they are not one on the fundamental conception concerning the constitution of the Catholic Church. This is also the reason why the aspirations of American Anglicans towards Rome are always respected but can never be taken seriously. The principle involved cuts at the very root of all integral and organized Christianity.

Again, I quote Cardinal Newman whose clear mind is definitely expressed in the words: "If the Greek communion is the Catholic Church, then the Roman is not, nor is the Anglican. If the Anglican is the One Church, then neither the Roman nor the Greek is. If the Roman is the One Church, then again the Greek and Anglican are not. . . . If then I must take my choice between three, I have no doubt at all that the Roman Communion is the One Catholic Church."

Lourdes: Mary's Gift

MARY KEARNY

MUCH has been written about Lourdes. But like the Gospel narrative, its story is always new and always inspiring. The things of God have a perennial growth. And surely, if ever, since the coming of the Christ-Child, there has been intercourse between Heaven and earth, with resultant commands, we see their accomplishment here at Lourdes.

We are all familiar with the sweet story of the "Beautiful Lady's" appearance to the little Bernadette Soubirous. We know also how this child left her poor home eighteen times during five months to go to the Grotto of Massabielle and hold intercourse with Our Blessed Mother. The Soubirous family lived at No. 15, Rue des Petits Fossés, in one room serving as living and sleeping-room and kitchen. The great Lourdes of today which has grown because that child was chosen to convey a message to the world, hides from us the view that met Bernadette's gaze as she must have seen it when she went to the windows of the kitchen to look longingly in the direction of the Grotto where the "Beautiful Lady" appeared to her. How marvelous it is to think of the favored child going forth from that room to talk intimately, familiarly with the Queen of Heaven! Her "Beautiful Lady" as Bernadette called her up to the time that Our Lady said those memorable words: "I am the Immaculate Conception," taught the child word for word a prayer which she was told never to repeat to any one on

this earth. Bernadette, who later on told her superiors that she said this prayer each day of her life, must have often repeated that Heaven-taught prayer in that poor "home."

Now that we have recalled in a few words the memory of the apparitions, I shall explain a little about the piscines and the care of the sick pilgrims. The piscines consist of enormous black marble baths with three steps leading thereto. Here hundreds of baths are taken daily during the great pilgrimage months. The beautiful, simple, ennobling faith of all those who come to seek health either for body or soul—for many bathe out of devotion and in obedience to Our Lady's injunction: "Bathe in the waters"—is truly inspiring. They are, for the most part, so absorbed in the sacredness of the act they are about to accomplish that they seem to lose sight of the fact that members of the *Hospitalité* are assisting them and that they are not alone with God as they are within their own hearts while in prayer.

One or two little incidents which profoundly touched me are certainly inspiring of faith and unselfishness. One poor old peasant woman of about sixty, said in taking the bath: "Oh, my good Mother! May I be the example of my parish." A young woman uttered this prayer in the pool: "My good Mother, cure my brother, he is so in need of health." An elderly woman exclaimed: "You know, good Mother, I do not ask my cure but the conver-

sion of my poor children." And another pilgrim prayed thus: "O good Mother! It is for the cure of my sister I take this bath." How simple and yet how sublime are such prayers! And if these few examples give us a glimpse into the desires of the souls who come to find refreshment, physical or spiritual, from the "saving waters," what must not be the unuttered aspirations of faith of so many and the consequent glory to God.

Sometimes such faith has its visible answer and certainly one of the most inspiring of scenes is witnessed when a miracle takes place showing forth as it does the marvelously Christ-like spirit of charity that reigns among the sick and other pilgrims. An event of this kind will live always in my memory. It took place at the piscines. One Sunday morning, August 7 of last year, a woman of middle age, a seamstress by profession, who could not bend her right leg or walk without the aid of a stick, was suddenly cured in coming out of the piscines. She felt a curious sensation as if her right leg was being pulled violently. She immediately got down on her knees without help, rose, and later walked alone to the doctor's consultation bureau. The joy expressed by look and words by the other sufferers was to me a greater miracle than the miracle itself. I could not but think how much happier would our lives be made could we learn to rejoice in the good things that come to our fellow-beings, as did those poor afflicted ones. I will say in passing that this miracle was one of the greatest of the year, the fortunate person being Mlle. Lucie Duquesnoy of Calais, aged forty-seven, who was declared by two doctors from Calais to be suffering from "*tuberculose chronique généralisée aux deux poumons, forme scléreuse; méningo-myélite lombaire, arthrite sacroiliaque droite avec adénite du voisinage.*"

To bathe the sick, to carry them to and from the hospitals and hotels to the piscines, grotto and procession and to ensure order at the various places of reunion, an organization has been formed, under the auspices of the Bishop, consisting of volunteer men and women workers called the *Hospitalité de Lourdes*. Its members come for service at various periods of the year.

Three hospitals receive the sick who are cared for by the nuns and by the ladies who accompany the sick on the trains. The days that the sick pilgrims pass at Lourdes are very fatiguing as can be seen from the regulation that follows. They are ready to leave the hospitals for the grotto by 6.00 or 6.30 o'clock in the morning. They are transported either in rolling chairs or on stretchers or in large auto-lorries. It is a touching sight, indeed, to witness these scenes, for no matter what the means of transportation, the rosary is said by those in charge. So even the city of Lourdes is accustomed to hear the *Ave Maria* mount heavenward from the hearts of the suffering as well as from the hearts of those who come to Lourdes to aid their afflicted and unknown brethren in Christ. The sick are at this early hour placed before the grotto and

there assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. They are then transported beyond the Grotto on the borders of the Gave, under an alley of trees, where they are served coffee and bread. Thence they are conveyed to the piscines where in time they are bathed and then again taken to the grotto until eleven o'clock and thence to their respective hospitals.

At 1.30 p.m. the same regulations are followed for a visit to the grotto and for the bath at the piscines. By 4.30 they are arranged all around the esplanade in front of the Rosary Church to assist at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, during which the pilgrims crowd behind these suffering members of the Church, and also above on the stairways and terraces which by this time have become one mass of people waiting the greatest event of the day: the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. During the wait for the arrival of the procession which forms at the grotto, a priest takes his place in the center of the esplanade and he commences the rosary. Before each mystery he makes publicly a short meditation appropriate to the occasion. The rosary is said by this vast number of Faithful waiting in a spirit of profound recollection for the passing of the Eucharistic King. At the end of each mystery the verse *Monstra te esse Matrem* of the *Ave Maris Stella* is sung, followed by the *Parce Domine* sung by all with arms outstretched in the posture and spirit of penance. Just before the procession reaches the esplanade the priest makes a short exhortation on the great necessity of humility and contrition for the obtaining of graces at the passage of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He begs that all acknowledge before the Creator our miseries and our sins, and consequently, in a spirit of confidence, say silently an act of contrition. For a few seconds profound silence reigns, and yet there are gathered there 70,000 people. To describe that moment is not possible. All one can say is that one feels that God must be appeased not only for the sins and negligences of these His devoted children but for the sins and crimes of many a public and private sinner the world over.

In the meantime the procession has wended its way quietly along the banks of the Gave to the opposite end of the esplanade from the Rosary Church. Then the great manifestation of belief in the Real Presence commences. The men advance in two double rows about 3,000 in number, each holding a lighted taper; then follow the priests in soutanes or surplices, numbering five or six hundred. In the meantime, six or seven priests take their stand in the center of the esplanade and there chant the successive verses of the Sequence *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, the first verse being repeated after each succeeding one by all the men and priests. The measure is very slow, so the effect is majestic, solemn, dignified. The dais finally appears preceded by the censer bearers. Then commences the touching ceremony of the blessing of the individual sick by the Divine Sacrament. An ecclesiastic stationed in the center of the esplanade says the invoca-

tions, each one of which is repeated by the great crowds united in one faith and filled with the one desire of obtaining the cure of the suffering sick at the passage of "Our Life and Resurrection." They are as follows:

Lord we adore Thee
 Lord we hope in Thee
 Lord we love Thee.
 Hosanna! Hosanna to the Son of David.
 Blessed be He who comes in the name of the Lord
 You are the Christ, Son of the Living God.
 You are my Lord and my God.
Adoremus in eternum (sung three times)
 Lord, we believe but increase our faith
 You are the Resurrection and the Life
 Save us, Jesus, we perish.
 Lord if You will it, You can cure me.
 Lord, say but the word and I shall be healed.
 Jesus, Son of Mary, have mercy on me.
 Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.
Parce Domine (sung three times)
 O God, come to our aid, hasten to our rescue.
 Lord, he whom Thou lovest, is sick.
 Lord, grant that I may see
 Lord, grant that I may walk
 Lord, grant that I may hear.
 Mother of Our Saviour, pray for us
 Health of the Sick, pray for us.

No scene on earth can so vividly recall Our Lord's triumphant days in Galilee during His mortal life when He went about doing good and healing all manner of diseases. When all the sick have been blessed, the Blessed Sacrament is borne up the center of the esplanade to the steps of the Rosary Church and there the *Tantum Ergo* is sung by all the Faithful, after which Benediction is given. After the invocations "Blessed be God, etc.," the Holy Eucharist disappears into the Rosary Church while the *Laudate Dominum* bursts forth.

The year 1921 was a very glorious one at Lourdes. Most of the Bishops of France had promised to head their dioceses on a pilgrimage to Lourdes after the cessation of hostilities and this was the first year that had been at all propitious for the fulfilling of their vow. Our Blessed Lady seems to wish to show her appreciation for there have been an unusual number of miracles.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Editors are not Responsible for Opinions Expressed in This Department.

Spiritism and Diabolic Influence

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. James J. Walsh seems to be of the opinion that all spiritual manifestations are fraudulent, or at least open to grave suspicion. That many of them are fraudulent has been proven, but I think the greater number are genuine. Over sixty years ago I witnessed a number of remarkable phenomena through some persons who were professional mediums and some who were not. This was before I became a Catholic, and I came to the conclusion that the transactions were the result of diabolic influence. Afterwards, I became acquainted with Spiritists in Xenia, Ohio, and my opinion that the manifestations were diabolic, was strengthened. If the Spiritistic manifestations were all fraudulent, there would not be so many following that cult as there are. If mediums were all frauds they could not have

continued their deceptions effectively for some seventy years.

Dr. Walsh's reference to Mrs. Kane, the widow of the arctic explorer, is not correct, in my opinion. Mrs. Kane became a Catholic. When some years afterward she was in very reduced circumstances members of the Spiritist cult offered her a remuneration that would relieve her poverty, if she would consent to act as a medium. She consulted her confessor, a well-known Irish priest of New York, in regard to it, and he suggested a test to determine the source of spirit manifestations. The priest's mother bore an old Irish name seldom found even in Ireland. He said to her: "Tell me my mother's Christian name." She made the test and the name was given correctly. Her confessor then forbade her to have anything to do with Spiritism. This account of the occurrence was related by the Rev. Dr. L. A. Lambert, who had it from the priest. Mrs. Kane, driven by poverty, did not obey her confessor, and she died out of the Church.

Hyattsville, Md.

H. M. BEADLE.

Convert-Making

To the Editor of AMERICA:

A. X. in his communication on "Non-Catholic Baiting," in AMERICA for April 22, does not reply to my request that he indicate specifically what he is to substitute for what I called the standardized methods of making converts. If he has anything new to offer, by all means let us have the knowledge, and quickly. The disadvantages under which we are laboring are not hidden from our eyes; what we wish to learn is what relief can he offer us from the thralldom in which we are held. We all know there is entirely too much machinery in convert-making. St. Peter and the Twelve would never have made converts if they had gone about it as we do; it is something like the tyranny of the modern office-file systems, or the elaborate card-index systems of organized charity: too much rigidity, too much method. The Church in the times of the Apostles faced a condition no worse than that which confronts us in the twentieth century, but they never in the world could have made progress if they had attacked the problem with the methods we are attempting to use. Tell us quickly, A. X., what remedies you propose for this problem.

Pittsburgh.

R. T. A.

Circulating Libraries for Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article you published on "Circulating Libraries for Catholics," in the issue of February 11, affords welcome reading. Such a plea suggests a real stirring of the waters of healing, and surely at no time in the world's history was the movement of the Angel's wing more needed.

The scheme outlined by Maurice Francis Egan is rich in possibilities. Were it to take shape it would place within easy reach of all, even those dwelling in the loneliness of backwoods and prairies, a sound and wholesome literature which would act as a valuable set-off to a certain press which concerns itself primarily with what sells, rather than provides what a better type of mind seeks in vain. That the same conditions prevail on both sides of the Atlantic is the more to be deplored, though it provides a common ground for Catholic endeavor and, it may be, for Anglo-American cooperation.

The object of this letter is to set down how the difficulty has been met in England by the genius of one man, himself a citizen of the United States. I speak of the remarkable work planned and carried out at the Bexhill Library. Save in one particular, viz. that no payment is made, whether as deposit or for hire of books, the scheme of the Bexhill Library is almost identical with that put forward by Mr. Egan.

Practically the whole work of the Bexhill Library is by mail. Its borrowers are of all creeds, and though all, or nearly all, are

of British nationality, the parcels of books are despatched all over the globe, even to such distant outposts as St. Helena, Madagascar, Uganda and Peking. Missionaries all over India enjoy them.

Apart from providing for the needs of English-speaking Catholics in every clime, the clergy and laity of many denominations avail themselves of the impersonality of the Bexhill Library to obtain information on Catholic matters. Thus, in the brief span of its existence, it has become not only a world-wide organization for the dissemination of what is best in current English literature, but it has become a valuable instrument of Catholic propaganda within the Empire.

Statistics are known to be soulless things. Still figures have their value occasionally, and in this case they bring conviction. In 1911 the Bexhill Library began with twenty-five volumes. In 1921 the same library numbered 25,000 volumes, with an average postal handling of 500 parcels of books per week.

The phenomenal success achieved by this library makes one hope that the inauguration of a similar work, having the same guiding principles and a like organization, might offer as happy a solution to the problem in America as it has proved itself to be in England.

It is with a very real pleasure that I write this tribute to the American citizen in our midst, whose name I may not give, such is his native modesty, but whose work as Librarian of the Bexhill Library is known and appreciated today throughout the British Dominions.

Battle, Sussex.

MAY QUINLAN.

Sublimar Things in Church Architecture

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was deeply interested in Dr. Coakley's article "John T. Comes, Architect" in the issue of AMERICA for April 29. Few could resist Mr. Comes' intensely charming and serious appeal for a return to the sublimer things in Church architecture when he addressed himself to numerous gatherings of clergy and laity everywhere. A deep student of architecture, he was passionately enthusiastic in his purpose of rendering the best of his fertile genius to the building and adornment of God's earthly habitation. He had an abiding realization, as had Solomon of old, that the genius of the greatest minds and earth's most costly materials were all too little to offer in the erection of "temples to the name of the Lord, his God" (III Kings, v:5).

Perhaps none of his contemporaries ever prayed or labored with such intensity and whole-heartedness as did Mr. Comes, for a return of our present "unbelieving and unappreciative" generation to the basic principles of church art which were so predominantly evident in the Middle Ages, and are so tersely expressed in the phrases *labor amoris* and *amor laboris*. The fruit of his genius and the labor of his love will pass with the years, but the motive of his toil, love of God and a passionate desire for the spread of God's Kingdom on earth, will perpetuate itself as a *monumentum aere perennius* in the minds and hearts of real lovers of the beautiful and the true in church art. Mr. Comes could truly say with the inspired writer, "See ye that I have not labored for myself only, but for all that seek out the truth" (Eccl. xxiv:27).

There could scarcely be found a critic better fitted than Dr. Coakley to herald the praises of this magnanimous genius. During his sojourn in the Eternal City, Dr. Coakley availed himself of his golden opportunity to visit and study those pyramids of church art which loom up everywhere. Later on, as a priest of the Pittsburgh diocese, he has been intimately and actively connected with every movement of this kind; he has followed Mr. Comes' career with admiration and has always given him loyal and kindly support in the realization of his lofty ideals.

The life of this great architect should serve as an inspiration

and an example to our Catholic laymen whom God has blessed with kindred talents along these lines. And since the "period of reaction" is in its infancy, we trust that there will be found in abundance priests of Dr. Coakley's type, lovers of the beautiful and the true in church art, levites who lovingly and willingly spend themselves to furnish the best available "palace for the King" of mankind.

St. Paul.

J. E. CREAHAN.

Catholic Young Men in Industry

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for April 1, J. P. C. replies to Mr. Fromment's article on "Catholic Young Men in Industries." I am not answering J. P. C.'s argument, but wish to point out a mistaken attitude that crops out very plainly in his communication, and to correct the possible impression that this attitude is shared by college men in general.

J. P. C. does not say in so many words: "The bachelor of arts is a man apart from the ordinary man. His education has elevated him to a higher plane than that occupied by the common laborer, and his hands should not be soiled by the filth of work." But he clearly betrays this attitude when he says: "... The college man is not adaptable to the repulsive conditions of the shop." And when he shrinks from attempting "to induce the college man to abandon his native atmosphere of culture and learning, to change the cleanliness, quiet and order of the classroom for the dirt, noise and grime of the shop..." I wonder how many shops J. P. C. has ever visited.

It is the expression of just such sentiments as this that threatens to widen the breach between labor and the professions and makes for distinctions of class and caste. It is the display of such an attitude on the part of some college men that makes a laborer pause before packing his boy off to a school whence he may return with the absurd notion that he is better than his father.

J. P. C. has a leaning toward the professions. As I understand it, a professional man has for his purpose, always excepting his soul's salvation, to render service to the common man, the laborer, who in turn, earns the salt for them both. If this be true, there should be a bond of sympathy between the two that will make this service more valuable. It is in his college days, when he is laying the foundation for his professional studies, that the student finds his understanding broadened and his sympathies awakened and expanded so that they reach out beyond the confines of the college campus to embrace the fields where his food is raised and the factory where his raiment is woven. Otherwise his humanizing education were a farce, and his degree a misnomer.

J. P. C.'s holier-than-thou attitude toward the working man, though frequently encountered, must not be taken as typical of the college man. One thing is certain, it cannot long flourish in a college like Holy Cross. There in my undergraduate days, our beloved president, the Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., never allowed us to forget that we were students at "the Poor Man's College," a college made up of laborers, and the sons of laborers and of professional men not out of sympathy with the laborer.

After four years' training at Holy Cross in the humanities and philosophy, when the graduate passes out the college gate with the coveted sheepskin under his arm, he does not ask himself: "Where can I best preserve the culture and refinement which are the results of my college education?" Full of overflowing enthusiasm and urged on by his broadened sympathies he says: "Where best can I serve?" And if he finds the answer in one of the professions, it is not because he realizes "more poignantly the degraded, repulsive conditions of a sweat shop," but because he believes that he can do more to alleviate these conditions in a professional capacity than he can by joining the workman in his labor.

Denver.

DANIEL J. O'NEILL.

AMERICA

A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1922

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The Ascension

WHEN the forty days of the Risen Saviour's tarrying with His friends had almost elapsed, leaving their nets, but this time for good and for all, the Apostles returned to the Holy City, and on an ever memorable Thursday, towards the end of May, they found themselves with the Master on Mount Olivet, on which He had manifested to them the signs of His second coming, on which He had foretold the destruction of the Temple and of the city, and at the foot of which, under the Shadow of the trees of Gethsemane He had suffered the crucifixion of His soul in expiation of the sins of mankind.

He had finished the work the Father had given Him to do. He had founded His Church, He had ordained His priests, He had appointed His Vicar, and now He was about to return to His Father and to send to them the Paraclete; and the Apostles, seeing the glory of the beatific vision which overflowed His soul and transfigured His body, and themselves aglow with a joy that was the foretaste of Heaven asked Him, "Lord wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" But not for them was the knowledge of the time of the perfect fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies; their mission was to be witnesses unto Him in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth. And when He had given them this, His last mandate, lifting up His hands He blessed them, and while they watched, His sacred Body rose from the earth, and ascended higher and higher, until the cloud of Paradise hid Him from their sight.

Heaven has been nearer to earth since the day of Christ's Ascension. It is easier to lift our eyes to the home that Christ has gone to prepare for us. We know

more clearly that our days in the valley of tears are numbered and that we have not here a lasting city. Whither He has gone we know and the way we know. For, although He has left us, we still have His footprints, and our work is to follow in the path He has made for us, carrying our cross, if needs be, even to the summit of Calvary. But we are not like those who have no hope, for we have His promise, that if we are faithful, at the last, the long last perhaps, like Him, we shall be taken up into Heaven, to be with Him, as sharers in His glory for ever and ever.

A Real Peace Congress

THE world is becoming skeptical about peace conferences. To many these gatherings look like preparations for war and self-revealing displays of national hatreds, jealousies and greed. More than once they have created hopes and summoned up dreams which were not realized. But in the last days of the month of Our Lady, Queen of Peace, a congress assembles in Rome of whose beneficent effects on the suffering world, there can be no doubt. From May 24 to May 29, the Twenty-sixth International Eucharistic Congress will meet in the Eternal City under the eyes, and it might almost be said, under the presidency of the Vicar of Christ, his Holiness Pope Pius XI.

This solemn Eucharistic Congress has been called for no petty or sordid purpose. Its agenda afford no room or scope for intrigue or politics. It is not narrowed down to a selfish nationalism, nor bounded in its outlook by purely material considerations. No race or people has been excluded from its roll-call. It will summon its members from every nation in whose midst, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, that Sacrifice and Clean Oblation foretold by Malachy is offered to the true God. They will come as brothers in the same Faith, fervent adorers of Emmanuel, God hidden upon our altars.

The Twenty-sixth International Eucharistic Congress will be a congress of peace in the noblest sense of the word. If other congresses and conferences did not bring to an agonizing world the order and stability for which it yearned, it was because the Prince of Peace had no place in the deliberations or was shown but little honor in the proceedings and program. He was either absolutely ignored, or even when his Sacred Name was pronounced, His rights as Ruler and King were forgotten or, in the heat of conflicting passions, thrust aside. Yet there will be no peace, there can be none, unless individuals and nations return to Him and abide by His law.

In Raphael's masterpiece, the *Disputa*, the incomparable artist celebrates the triumph of the Eucharist under whose veils the God-Man dwells. In that fresco, with overpowering simplicity and majesty, the Sacred Host gleams amid the ostensorium's golden rays. On it every look is centered, toward it every line converges. Above it are throned the Hierarchies of heaven. Around it,

humanity, represented by its noblest sons, its poets, doctors, saints and sages, is gathered. In the artist's daring conception, that Host is the central dogma of faith, the link between God and man.

Raphael's conception forcibly brings home to us the purpose and meaning of the Congress. Planned by Benedict XV, the Pontiff of Peace, approved and blessed by Pius XI, the gathering has for its sole theme and ideal, the "Peaceful Kingship of the Eucharistic Christ." Emmanuel, God with us, is its watchword. It wishes to gather the entire world, if possible, around the tabernacles of the Living God and to teach it that He alone, is the Principle and the Restorer of peace. In the closing days of May, the Pope of the Eucharistic Congress, surrounded by thousands of Faithful, will lift up a great Sign amid the nations, the white, mystic Host under which the King of Peace has deigned to dwell. Over it, unseen, but as real and as prophetic of victory as they were to the legions of the first Christian Emperor, appear the words: "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*," "In This Sign shalt Thou Conquer." Every Catholic will welcome and heed the heartening omen.

Prohibition and Temperance

NORWAY is now struggling with the same Prohibition difficulties which arose in this country on the adoption of the Volstead act. "Instead of temperance," writes a Norwegian editor, quoted by the *New York Times*, "we now have Prohibition; that is, a country filled with alcohol." Even women, it is said, are acquiring a taste for strong drink, and the officials are kept busy trying to keep German alcohol out of the country. Worst of all, "Prohibition is ruining respect for all law."

What the Norwegian editor asserts was affirmed in terms even stronger, by speakers at a mass-meeting held in New York in the beginning of May. To jump to the conclusion that this meeting was called by the brewers and the distillers, would be misleading. Even were this true, it would not explain how the brewers and the distillers were able to secure as patrons for the occasion, men and women who were never connected with the trade, who are bitterly opposed to the old-fashioned saloon, and who, unlike many Volstead propagandists, were and are total abstainers. The truth is that many Americans are beginning to realize the folly of Prohibition as a national issue. But it is probable that the realization comes too late. These meetings should have been called four years ago.

Before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted it was within the power of every State in the Union to pass and to enforce Prohibition legislation within its jurisdiction if the citizens of that State so decreed. Further, under Federal legislation which had stood the scrutiny of the Supreme Court, it was possible to prevent the shipment of alcoholic liquors from the so-called "wet" States into

the Prohibition States. When these laws were not enforced, the reason was either corrupt Federal officials, or the disinclination of the "dry" States to have them enforced. But whatever communities really wished Prohibition had it. Where Prohibition was not desired the communities either refrained from law-making, or very cheerfully violated whatever laws existed. In other words, the experience of years showed clearly where Prohibition could be made a reality, and under what circumstances it would become a laboratory course in contempt of authority. Undeniable facts demonstrated the folly of Prohibition extended to an entire nation.

What was true before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment, is true now, and is likely to remain true. The American saloon, of malodorous memory, is dead and has no mourners. But thoughtful men are beginning to ask whether it is possible to enforce a law which makes the indulgence of an innocent and purely personal habit a felony, in communities determined to continue the habit. It is frequently said that all difficulties can be met by legalizing the manufacture of beer and light wines. But frankly, such provision would be nothing less than an evasion of the plain language of the Eighteenth Amendment. On the other hand, to repeal the Amendment would seem impossible.

The Amendment should never have been put in the Constitution, but it is there, and to play fast and loose with its clear prohibition is to bring the whole document into contempt. Unless at some time the Supreme Court should supply a new interpretation, there seems no escape from the conclusion that both the Amendment and the Volstead act will continue to train our people in wholesale contempt of law. Fanaticism, applied to statecraft, always leads either to corruption or revolution.

Religion in the College

VICE-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE rarely yields to pessimism, but his New Haven address on the American colleges bears witness to a grave defect in our institutions of higher learning. With an insight rare in this superficial age, Mr. Coolidge sees that the college fails of its deepest purpose, when its aim is to produce learned men, and men so trained that they can become experts in some special field of knowledge. "Rare intellectual power is not sufficient to meet the requirements of life. The chief need of the world is spiritual power, and that force of character which is the result of religious convictions." Is the American college generating this spiritual power? Is it striving to form character on the sure foundation of religious convictions?

It would seem, unfortunately, that both questions must be answered by a negative. While a few exact attendance at some Sunday service, most American colleges disclaim all responsibility for the student's religious training. It is taken for granted that this has been given be-

fore the freshman year, or, if the task is incomplete, that what is necessary will be supplied by an extramural agency. Hence the function of religion in the making of a good man and a good citizen receives no recognition from the institution which the student is taught to regard as the first in importance in his world. Thus young men and women, at the very time when they are in sorest need of the restraining influence of religion, are exposed by their new environment and new liberty to the loss of whatever faith they may have possessed, and to a lowering of moral standards. If the college holds religion of small importance, they have at hand a reason for their loosening hold on truths which they had been taught to consider fundamental. And few indeed are the colleges which do not harbor at least one professor whose influence is destructive of all belief in the supernatural. For the gradual falling-away from religion, evidenced by the figures of the Religious Census, the American college must undoubtedly bear no small responsibility.

True national prosperity can be assured only by a majority group of citizens in whom character has been developed, but, as Mr. Coolidge truly says, "force of character is the result of religious convictions." How to bring religion into the life of the American college is a problem which, in view of the gradual decay among our people of strong religious convictions, seems well-nigh insoluble. For Catholics the problem should not exist. If religion means anything at all, it must have its place in the college as well as in the school and the home. But Catholics can help to a solution by their patronage of their own institutions which teach that the best citizen is not the man whose head is packed with facts, but the man who has been trained in religion as well as in letters.

Our "Slice-of-Life" Novelists

IN a notable critical paper contributed some weeks ago to the New York *Herald*, the Marquise Lanza, a well-known Catholic literary lady, passes on our modern "cubist" novelists some strictures which are no less discerning than just. She writes:

Our new writers are so bent upon describing what they are pleased to call "a slice of life," although this may be wholly confined to the sayings and doings of a handful of provincial shopkeepers, that beauty, both in idea and execution, is thrust aside and ignored. Their novels are no more works of art than are the weird canvases of the cubists and the post-impressionists, whom in some ways they closely resemble. It is an undeniable fact that most of the realists of today seem to be doing their best to emulate in literature what the cubists, the futurists and the post-impressionists have accomplished in drawing and painting, although the reader, not being provided with the equivalent of the gallery catalogue, must perforce arrive at his conclusions in his own way. In short, not to put too fine a point upon it, what passes for realism in fiction has all the earmarks of a pose. It is modernism gone mad. It is not a truthful exposition of life, nor does it give us anything worth while. Select a batch of the most widely read and discussed novels of recent publication . . . and what do we find? Not one fine or noble character, not a single sentiment reflecting the higher and better emotions of the

human interest. The best of the lot is, perhaps, "Doc" Kennicott in Sinclair Lewis's best-seller, who at times arouses in us some thing akin to admiration. But as a whole, they are a sorry crowd. The women, who are insufferably dull or neurotic, are pleasure-loving dolls without sufficient moral stamina to prevent their toppling headlong into the first pitfall that yawns before them. On every page Sex stalks triumphant. The men believe in nothing. They are superegoist, devoid of ideals and aspirations, hard, arrogant and vicious. All, men and women alike, are soulless, spiritually dead, disillusioned and weary of existence before they have begun to live. We search vainly for the refreshing touch of humor so prized in the novelists of old, and we fail to sense that redeeming breath of genius that renders the author a law unto himself. Much has been said and written concerning the superior workmanship displayed by these young writers, but, with one or two exceptions, I have not been able to discover it. The style of "Main Street" is that of a reporter on a daily paper, correct enough, but totally lacking in distinction or grace. In "Erik Dorn," it is jerky, blazing and sputtering along like a pack of firecrackers to which a lighted match has been applied.

It was about the middle of the World War, it will be remembered, that the crude, salacious slice-of-life novel began to be "popular." When the war came to an end, however, the old-fashioned American reading-public looked forward hopefully to the gradual disappearance of that noxious, "futurist" school of fiction, which was as devoid of true art as it was of decency. Though it is nearly four years since the great conflict ended, the quality of the average "best-selling novel," it must be sorrowfully owned, instead of improving is growing steadily worse. Supposedly reputable reviews praise as "literary masterpieces" badly written books which are direct attacks on morality and religion, and recently a widely read paragrapher, on the appearance of a particularly shameless book, expressed the opinion that "There is every reason to encourage and welcome the use of words hitherto barred from polite society," for "politeness is one of the chief things the matter with modern literature."

Yet the experienced critic does not find that this modern fiction is overweighted with "politeness." What he observes is its insincerity. The popular novelist is not so much concerned with what he says as with how he says it. This is artistic insincerity, and it is near akin to the insincerity which is an offense in the moral order. Many of the "propaganda" novels, which by grace of style strive to excuse outrageous offenses against the truth, are notable offenders in this respect. What the novel needs is a higher regard for the canons of art, and a truer reverence for the laws of God.

But nowadays with "everybody reading," artistically worthless, ethically destructive, but wickedly praised books like those described in this editorial, the peril to the minds and morals of the young is greater than ever. Catholic parents and educators, therefore, are bound in conscience to see that our youths and maidens are so strongly fortified with sound principles and so thoroughly imbued with a love for good literature that the temptation to read the dangerous best-seller of the day will be reduced to a minimum.

Literature

The Liturgy's Poetry

THERE is no institution in the world, it has been said, that is richer in poetry than the Catholic Church, nor poorer in those that can give it adequate expression. Added to the difficulty that the pilgrims of eternity usually have in describing the wonders of heaven, their native land, in the unfamiliar idiom of their exile, many Catholics, perhaps just because they are brought up in the Faith from infancy, grow so accustomed to the unearthly beauty of the Church that her most poetical characteristics often become commonplaces. We accept them all as a matter of course, plod dully on through life, and owing to slowness of heart seldom realize the deep mystical significance, the marvelous spiritual loveliness of the Church's sacred liturgy. Without question there is nothing on earth that has more of the purest, highest poetry in it than the Catholic Church. In this connection John Henry Newman, a few years after he had entered the true Fold, beautifully wrote:

The Church herself is the most sacred and august of poets. Poetry, as Mr. Keble lays it down in his *University Lectures* on the subject, is a method of relieving the over-burdened mind; it is a channel through which emotion finds expression, and that a safe, regulated expression. Now what is the Catholic Church, viewed in her human aspect, but a discipline of the affections and passions? What are her ordinances and practises but the regulated expression of keen, or deep, or turbid feeling, and thus a "cleansing," as Aristotle would word it, of the sick soul? She is the poet of her children; full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward, wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry; every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the miter, the thurible, is a fulfilment of some dream of childhood, or aspiration of youth.

But the loveliness of the Catholic Faith is based of course on something far solidier than mere poetry. For Catholicism is a logical systematic creed, Divine in its origin, in its teaching, in its government, and in the dignity, beauty and appropriateness of its ritual, worship and ceremonial. For the Church's Founder is Divine, its Sacraments are Divine, its Constitution is Divine, and countless multitudes of her children, by modeling their lives on those of Our Blessed Lord and His incomparable Mother, have brought the Divine intimately into our own everyday lives. Where so much abounds that is Divine, there cannot fail to be found a wealth of poetry. As for the well-known inability of most authors to put into suitable words the loveliness of our Faith, that is chiefly due to the sublimity of the subject. Only a consummate genius like Dante can keenly discern and adequately express the beauty of Catholicism.

Poetry has been well defined as the imaginative repre-

sentation, through the medium of language, of true grounds for the noble emotions. Its object is the beautiful and an object is beautiful when the contemplation of it is calculated to awaken in the beholder a noble emotion. So if devout "beholders" of the Church can only bring to the study of her liturgy, which is her ancient "language," enough "awakening" of the imagination to make them perceive clearly a little of her Divine beauty, they will find their hearts filled with a "noble emotion" and then more of our commonplace Catholics may become at least inarticulate poets.

Happily an effective stimulus for this most desirable awakening has lately been offered us by the Right Rev. Fernand Cabrol, the learned French Benedictine, in an admirable book called "Liturgical Prayer, Its History and Spirit" (Kenedy), which one of the Stanbrook nuns has translated into excellent English. The contents of the volume are lucidly arranged in eight parts: "Elements of Liturgical Prayer," "The Christian Assembly," "The Prayer of Christians," "Sanctification of Time," "Devotion to Our Lord and the Saints," "Sanctification of Places and Things," "Sanctification of Life" and a "Euchology." Into the 382 large pages that make up the foregoing divisions, Abbot Cabrol has packed such a wealth of liturgical and historical lore and has quoted from Missal, Breviary and Ritual so great a variety of beautiful prayers, that any reader who has in his soul even the faintest spark of poetry will probably have it brought to a bright glow by the meditative perusal of the book under review.

But certain rites of the Catholic Liturgy, it is objected, "can also be found in pagan forms of worship. Indeed, they are no less beautiful and far more ancient than yours." "We have some things in common with the pagans, but our end is different," answers St. Augustine. Catholicism, be it observed, is the one true religion of humanity. Our liturgy merely gives graceful expression to the natural emotions of the creature in the presence of his Creator. The Church's prayers and ceremonies, moreover, are always elevated in tone and wholly free from every taint of ugliness or vulgarity. "Let the law of prayer be the rule of life," is the basic principle of the sacred liturgy. Those who best succeed in harmonizing their daily lives with the beautiful prayers offered by the Church, end by becoming indeed like those sublime "living poems," God's blessed Saints. Could anything, for example, be more perfect in liturgical expression than such ancient Collects as these?

Enlighten, O Lord, the blindness of our hearts, that we may discern what is worthy and avoid what is unworthy.

Of Thy mercy, O Lord, we beseech Thee, grant us the mind always to think and do what is right; that we, who cannot even exist save through Thee, may be able to live according to Thy will.

O God, the protector of all who hope in Thee, without whom

nothing is strong, nothing is holy, multiply Thy mercies upon us, that having Thee for our ruler and Thee for our guide, we may in such manner make use of temporal goods, that we lose not those which are everlasting.

"The Lord will overshadow thee with his shoulders and under His wings thou shalt trust; His truth shall compass thee with a shield" is the sure ground for confidence in God that we find so beautifully urged in the Mass and Office of the first Sunday of Lent. How can a Christian begin his morning better, it can well be asked, than by beseeching our loving Father, in the words of the Church's prayer at Prime, to "Defend us by Thy power, that we may not fall this day into any sin, but that all our thoughts, words and works may be directed to the fulfilment of Thy will"? and what prayer, after all, is more suitable for a pilgrim of eternity to use every night than the *Nunc Dimittis* from Compline with the beautiful antiphon: "Save us, O Lord, while we are awake, and guard us while we sleep, that we may watch with Christ, and rest in peace"?

Very rich in poetry too are the hymns and sequences of the liturgy. Many of them, of great antiquity, are filled with a tenderness of devotion that is quite inimitable. St. Ambrose's beautiful hymn for Sunday's Lauds, for example, is no less prayerful than poetical, though, of course, it loses half its charm in a translation. The great English Oratorian, however, succeeded in interpreting the hymn quite well when he wrote:

Jesus, Master, when we sin,
Turn on us Thy healing face.
It will melt the offense within
Into penitential grace.

As for the great Sequences, particularly the *Dies Irae*, the *Stabat Mater* and the *Lauda Sion*, they are perfect metrical prayers, so full at the same time of the finest poetry that those who master the Church's liturgical tongue just to be able to read them in the original Latin will be richly repaid for the labor.

Unhappily the pressure on our space forbids calling the reader's attention to more than a few of the many excellent things in Abbot Cabrol's book, but especially worthy of a careful perusal is the chapter describing how Mass was said in Rome at the beginning of the third century. For the author shows how the Catholic worshiper of today can be spiritually present with his early forefathers in the Faith and can assist at the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries in the Catacombs along with the kinsfolk of the Martyrs themselves. Then turning to the altar of his own cathedral or parish church, suppose at eleven o'clock on Easter morning, the reader of "Liturgical Prayer" can see being offered to Almighty God in a language, ritual and ceremonial surprisingly similar to those of 1,800 years ago, and with all its wonderful mystic beauty quite fresh and undimmed, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

THE PAINTERS

I would not quarrel with a star,
For being high, and I so low;
And so I will not quarrel
With Fra Angelico.
He fashioned Our Virgin Lady fair,
And put what stars around her hair!
What flawless lilies on her dress,
And in her eyes, what tenderness!
Yet when could artist ever trace
For any man, his mother's face?

Rather I quarrel with the earth,
Too dull and colorless below
To heighten the imagining
Of even Fra Angelico.
For lilies never blow in spring
As white as Mary's mantling;
And all the shades of sunlight strewn
On rainbow, field-flower and moon,
Were never fitted to impress
One fragment of her loveliness.

I have no canvases to show
To rival Fra Angelico.
Palette and pigments, none I keep
To trouble his immortal sleep,
Nor care what parallel there be
Betwixt our immortality.
My brow no laurel-wreaths besee—
Yet have I somehow had a dream
Of a white canvas that will lie
Unfinished, Mother, till I die.

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

REVIEWS

My Boyhood. By JOHN BURROUGHS. With a Conclusion by his son, JULIAN BURROUGHS. Illustrations from Photographs and from Paintings by JULIAN BURROUGHS. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.

The admirers of the late John Burroughs are sure to enjoy reading this biography, for the venerable naturalist wrote his part of the book in the happiest vein and shows that he retained a remarkably vivid recollection of his boyhood days on the old farm in the Catskills. Of Scotch and Irish ancestry, for his mother was a Kelly, Burroughs grew up amid a flock of brothers and sisters who all did their part in forcing the fields and forests of the mountain-side to grant the family a livelihood. Almost everything that the Burroughses, little and big, ate or wore, was produced at home. The making of butter was the family's chief source of revenue, so from year's end to year's end, they were wholly at the service of their cows, though maple-sugar making in early spring gave a pleasant change of occupation. Particularly harrowing is the author's account of the homespun linen shirts which the children had to wear. The hermit's haircloth was by comparison quite luxurious.

Born in the Catskills in 1837, Burroughs was a schoolteacher from 1854 to 1864, a government clerk in Washington for the next nine years, then a small-fruit producer on the Hudson and finally late in life, by sheer persistency, an author. John was the only member of the family who ever cared for books, reading being commonly considered "bad for the head." Having always had a keen eye for the little marvels of plant and animal life, he made that field his literary domain, winning by his well-written nature-books an over-merited reputation as a "thinker." For John Burroughs, like many another unfortunate American, mistook Cal-

vinism for Christianity, and ended by losing all faith in God and by dogmatizing with the evolutionists. The second part of the volume is written by the naturalist's son, Julian, contains a number of interesting letters, and throws an occasional gleam on the anfractuosities of his domestic life, for Mrs. Burroughs, being an exceedingly practical person, never did see any use in her husband's interminable "scribbling," so when the home atmosphere grew too hot to bear, Burroughs would retire for days at a time to a little hermitage which he had built expressly for that purpose.

W. D.

Catholic Thought and Thinkers: St. Justin the Martyr. By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J., M.A.; **Erasmus of Rotterdam.** By MAURICE WILKINSON. New York. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

The ambitious project outlined by Father Martindale in his "Introductory" to the Catholic Thought and Thinkers Series, was justly hailed with enthusiasm by the press. Such a series gave evident promise of great service to the educated world. With what success the plan is being carried out may be judged from the volumes now ready. In "St. Justin the Martyr" the advantage of a reliable condensation of a wide and difficult subject is made evident. One need but glance over the masterly summary and analysis here given of the great apologist's works to realize what a task it must be even for scholars to form a first-hand opinion of so profound a thinker as St. Justin was. But Father Martindale's work makes this labor more or less superfluous. With admirable clearness he first gives the historical setting, which is so important a factor in forming a correct estimate of any great man. Then he proceeds to analyze St. Justin's system and to compare it with those of other early apologists.

The volume by Mr. Wilkinson offers a sufficiently comprehensive and sympathetic study of Erasmus as a thinker. Due prominence is given to the influence of the Renaissance and the Reformation upon the mind of this somewhat erratic genius. If the estimate of his character would seem too favorable to some, it is well to bear in mind that, despite his many shortcomings, Erasmus had two points very much in his favor: his orthodoxy and the nature of his friendships. In the face of every temptation to the contrary he never wavered in his allegiance to Rome. He was a cherished friend of several Popes and of such men as Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More, while with unerring instinct he shunned all those who sooner or later broke with the Church. The educated public may well look forward with eagerness to the remaining volumes of the series. J. G. H.

Painted Windows. Studies in Religious Personality. By a GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER. With Illustrations by EMILE VERPILLEUX. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

This latest volume from the author of "Mirrors of Downing Street" is not merely disappointing. It is untrue in its presentation of the Christian religion. The volume is so vague that it is impossible to make out what the author really means. Through he discourses so volubly about religion, he has no clear idea of what religion is. He rants against dogma and tradition with a cocksureness implying an infallibility that he would be the last to grant the Pope in matters of faiths or morals. As a result his book is packed with unproved and unwarranted assertions. With an ease which is almost levity, the beliefs of ages are flung aside with no more reason for their rejection than the fact that they have been received for ages and are still received by millions of devout and religious minds, whereas the statements of what is called "modern thought" are accepted with childish credulity. Clever enough as a piece of literary writing; the book is otherwise tiresome and worthless. In his treatment of Father Knox, the only Catholic noticed in the volume, the "Gentleman with a Duster" manifests a crude bigotry and contempt of Catholicism, with a certain insular pharisaism, not uncommon in English

writers. The *Spectator*, no friend of Catholics, speaking of the treatment of Father Knox in this volume, says: "No real person could have quite such startling discrepancies of mental make-up as the author discovers in Father Knox." The jolt which the bigotry of the "Gentleman with a Duster" got from Father Knox's conversion may account for the bitterness displayed in his treatment of that accomplished convert. It is now an open secret that Harold Begbie is the author of the work.

J. H. O'R

Tide Rips. By JAMES B. CONNOLLY. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. \$1.75.

Nine good short stories make up this interesting book. In plot, characterization and atmosphere this volume is as good as any volume that has previously come from this gifted author's pen. There is not a wasted word. Sentences, paragraphs, really work out thought, with the result that each story is crammed with action and interest. James B. Connolly is at home on the sea, and so he does not write about it, he writes the sea itself in all its moods into the old salt and the sailor boy. It is no mere background for his characters, no pretty setting for a formula-tale like so many so-called sea-stories in modern fiction. It pulses through his strong direct style until the reader feels it as the characters feel it and are molded by it, strong because of its strength or weak in face of its power. And so Connolly's ships are not like other ships. They are real, man-like and woman-like in their varying actions in storm and calm and blowing breeze. Critics of American fiction may take heart while Connolly's pen is active. In the mass of crude work that has been turned out this season and dignified with high-sounding names for low-meaning stories, "Tide Rips" will stand apart, strong with the reality of life, the life of sea, and storm, and the human heart with its bigness and its littleness. The author knows life and writes what he knows, and so his work is vivid, wholesome and true.

G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Catholic World.—The National Dante Committee, at its meeting last March, by unanimous vote assigned one of the Dante Memorial medals to the *Catholic World*. Dr. John H. Finley, the chairman of the Committee, in announcing the gift of the Dante Medal, which was coined by the Italian mint for the *Casa di Dante* in Rome, thus quotes the Committee's report: "The *Catholic World*, in September, 1921, published a special number entirely devoted to Dante, which for variety of material and interest of subjects has been termed the best publication of its kind." In the May number of the *Paulists' magazine* is a paper by Father Cuthbert on "The Ethics of Labor," the account of "A Jeanne D'Arc Pilgrimage" by J. N. Vaughan, an article on "Medievalism and Irish Literature," by Martin J. Lee, L. Wheaton's reflections on the recent tercentenary of St. Teresa and her three associates, a sketch of "Cardinal Gasquet," by Dr. Guilday and a study of "Father Tabb's Poetical Preferences" by D. J. Connor. In a good poem called "Sea-Queen" by "M. I." occur the stanzas:

O, have you ever watched the sheen
Of moonlight on the darkened sea;
And does it ever seem to be
An image of our Lady Queen?

The seething waters toss and roll
Like human hearts in passion's thrall;
Upon their crests the white rays fall
Like thoughts of Mary on the soul.

O Peerless! Sunclad! Star-crowned! Blest!
Thy glistening sinlessness must be
As moonlight on the troubled sea
To sinful souls in their unrest.

Thy holy light must gently chill
Our passion's fierce and reckless tide;
The vision of thy beauty chide
The darkness of our wayward will.

Novels.—"Bunny's House" (Benziger, \$2.00), a good novel by E. R. Walker, brings a Cockney youth to the country, where he meets an attractive Catholic woman whom he would like to marry, if unsurmountable obstacles did not prevent the match. At the end of the book, "Ernie" sails for Canada with his face turned towards the Church, and you feel all will turn out well. The novel is full of that charm of rural life which English novelists so delight in describing, the characters are real and the account of Ernie's boyhood seems true to life. The jaded fiction-reader should find it quite refreshing to read in "Bunny's House," a story in which the lovers actually keep the Commandments.

"Abbé Pierre" (Appleton) is a happy story by Jay William Hudson, told in a style that is simple and beautiful. The Abbé takes you by the hand, leads you like a kind old father, and introduces you to all that is dear to him in his beloved Gascony. He brings you to the hilltops and shows you the cloudless sky, and if the sky is clouded, the clouds are beautiful. You learn to know the woods and fields, the houses and gardens, the church with the wonderful tower and bell of that Gascon village. Through the weaving of the plot runs a thin golden thread, the love of David and Germaine, and Germaine is like her Gascon home, "exquisite, delicate and fine." The people who live in the pages of "Abbé Pierre" are nice people, and the reader who gets to know them will be glad because they have come into his life.

Some readers consider that Irvin Cobb is wont to use five words where one suffices; others are glad to read as many as Cobb will write. There is no disputing about tastes, nor can it be disputed that Cobb's latest book "Sundry Accounts" (Doran) will be welcomed by his admirers. All the stories are good, and one "The Cater-Cornered Sex" is unusually good. The summer traveler will make no mistake if he puts this volume in his bag.

One sentence in Carl van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle: His Life and Works" (Knopf) describes the book, "Everything is all mixed up." Peter, the hero, originally from Toledo, is willing to try anything at least once, for he is in search of material to be put in a book. The book is never written, and Peter at last concludes that nothing is worth while, not life, not even himself. An interesting commentary, written from the pagan viewpoint, on the text, *vanitas vanitatum*.

Boys will read with interest "The Tale of Two Brothers" (O'Donovan Bros., 221 Park Ave., Baltimore), by the Rev. Edward F. Murphy. A hard fate having separated Fred and Joe in childhood, one boy becomes a priest and the other narrowly misses following a career of crime. But all comes right at last. The pictures are by John F. Burrough.

St. Bernard.—Another valuable addition has been made to the translations from the original Latin of St. Bernard's works by a Priest of Mount Mellary. It is entitled "St. Bernard's Treatise on Consideration" (Browne & Nolan, 7s. 6d.). We have reason to congratulate ourselves that one of St. Bernard's spiritual sons was elevated to the Papacy during the great Abbot's lifetime, else the Papacy and the Catholic world would not have had this "*Thesaurus Pontificum*." Who save a great soul like St. Bernard would have ventured to address to the Supreme Pontiff such plain-spoken admonitions, and who save a saintly son of such a father would have taken them in good part and profited by them? One expression selected at random will illustrate the apostolic boldness, or shall we say, fatherly freedom, of the Saint: "It is idle for thee to lament the evil, if thou takest no pains to correct it." Were the Abbot of Clairvaux known to literature

only through this treatise addressed to the Blessed Eugenius III, he would scarcely have received the title of the "Mellifluous Doctor." The present translation, the only one in English of this great work, preserves well the style and spirit of the original, and a debt of gratitude is due this other son of St. Bernard for making it available at last to our Catholic public.

Jack London.—"The Book of Jack London" (Century), is a two-volume biography of Jack London by Charmian London whom he married after his divorce. To the personal friends of the two, the book will be of interest; those who recall London as a mere name, now fading into oblivion with the passing of his publicity men, will find it dull. Mrs. London may be pardoned for dwelling on the literary greatness of her legal husband, but an unbiased critic sees in him a man who mistook crudity for strength, and never fully perfected even the small literary gift which was undoubtedly his. It is, of course, ridiculous to write of him as "an intellectual giant."

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston:**
The Iron Man in Industry. By Arthur Pound. \$1.75.
- Benziger Brothers, New York:**
The Catholic Evidence Movement: Its Achievements and Its Hopes. By Rev. Henry Browne, S.J. \$2.00; The House of God. By C. C. Martindale. \$1.75.
- Boni & Liveright, New York:**
Up Stream: An American Chronicle. By Ludwig Lewisohn. \$3.00.
- Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.:**
The Political Philosophy of Dante Alighieri. By John Joseph Rolbiecki, A.M. \$2.25.
- The Century Co., New York:**
The Story of the Irish Nation. By Francis Hackett. \$2.50.
- Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:**
General Bramble. By Andre Maurois.
- George H. Doran, New York:**
Sundry Accounts. By Irvin S. Cobb. \$2.00; The First Person Singular. By William Rose Benet.
- Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia:**
Mud Hollow. By Simon N. Patten. \$1.90.
- Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:**
The Hidden Road. By Wadsworth Camp. \$1.75; The Fire Bird. By Gene Stratton-Porter. \$1.75.
- Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.:**
Gonzaga College: An Historical Sketch from Its Foundation in 1821 to the Solemn Celebration of Its First Centenary in 1921.
- B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis:**
Handbook of Scripture Study. By Rev. H. Schumacher, D.D. Vol. III, the New Testament. \$2.00; Prayer, the Great Means of Salvation. Edited by John Bapt. Coyle, C.S.S.R. \$0.85; The Better Part. By Richard Ball. \$2.25; The Life of Saint Walburga. By Francesca M. Steele. \$1.75; Christ, the Life of the Soul. By the Right Rev. D. Columba Marmion. \$2.25.
- Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston:**
Truly Rural. By Richardson Wright. \$2.00; The Jews. By Hilaire Belloc. \$3.00.
- P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York:**
The Knight's Promise. By A. E. Whittington. \$1.75; Birth-Control. By Halliday G. Sutherland. \$1.75.
- Alfred A. Knopf, New York:**
Readers and Writers. By A. R. Orage. \$1.75; Peter Whiffle, His Life and Works. By Carl Van Vechten. \$2.50; Men of Affairs. By Roland Pertwee. \$2.00.
- Longmans, Green & Co., New York:**
The Educational Ideals of Blessed Julie Billiart. By a Member of Her Congregation. \$0.75; A New Medley of Memories. By Sir David Hunter-Blair. \$5.50; Pages from the Past. By John Ayscough. \$2.50.
- Robert M. McBride & Co., New York:**
The Yellow Poppy. By D. A. Broster.
- The Macmillan Co., New York:**
Landmarks in the History of Early Christianity. By Kirsopp Lake, D.D. \$1.25; The Scarlet Tanager. By J. Aubrey Tyson. \$1.75; The Larger Socialism. By Bertram Benedict; Modernism in Religion. By Rev. J. MacBride Sterrett. \$1.50.
- St. Michael's Church, Buffalo:**
Manual of the Happy Death Society. By Rev. Peter W. Leonard, S.J.
- John Murphy Co., Baltimore:**
Considerations for Christian Teachers. By Brother Philip. \$1.75.
- O'Donovan Brothers, Baltimore:**
Meditations on Our Blessed Lady for Every Day of the Month of Mary. By Very Rev. J. Guibert, S.S.
- The Paulist Press, New York:**
Evolution: Do We Come From Adam or an Ape? By Rev. R. Lummer, C.S.P.; Novena to the Holy Ghost. Compiled by Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**
The Dragon in Shallow Waters. By V. Sackville-West; Chantins' Wheels. By Hubbard Hutchinson; The Isle of Seven Moons. By Robert Gordon Anderson.
- Peter Reilly, Philadelphia:**
Good English. By John Louis Haney; De Magistro Sancti Aurelii Augustini Hipponensis Episcopi. Tractatus In Usum Scholarum Adaptatus e Textu Parisiensi. Curante F.E.T.; De Immortalitate Animae. Excerpta De Creatione, De Materia et Forma, De Tempore et Aeternitate; De Beata Vita, Disputatio Trium Dierum in Usum Scholarum Accomodata e Textu Parisiensi Soliloquiorum Libri Duo.
- Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:**
The Oppidan. By Shane Leslie. \$2.00.

Education The Right to Teach

WISELY governed in many respects, the State of New York has been ill-advised and singularly maladroit in its efforts to suppress the Socialists. The clumsy maneuvers which ended with the expulsion of the Socialists from the legislature some have sought to cover with the mantle of patriotism. But in those last days of the war, and during the hysteria which followed, patriotism was a name debased by many ignoble uses. It was sufficiently deplorable for the legislature to proscribe a political party, registered in conformity with the laws of the State, but worse followed. Our ancestors thought the spilling of a little blood well worth while, to wrest from kings and royal governors the right to assess the qualifications of legislators. They believed, and in various Constitutions so expressed themselves, that the legislature itself should be the sole judge of these qualifications. They established the right against tyrants. The New York legislature misused that right to thwart the will of the electors. A dangerous program, truly and one which may easily be extended to destructive consequences.

Hard upon this program came a bill aimed directly at the Rand School of Social Science, an institution conducted in the city of New York by the Socialists. This measure was so drawn that it would not interfere either with the parish schools, with the colleges already recognized by the State, or with the educational projects of such organizations as the Knights of Columbus and the Y. M. C. A. It was more or less an open secret at Albany that the bill was designed to close the Rand and similar schools, or to assign them a position in which their courses of study and the teaching would be controlled by the State. This law the Rand School has seen fit to challenge in the courts.

In common with all Catholics, I have no sympathy whatever with the principles which, as far as I can ascertain, are cardinal with the Rand School. But, also in common with all Catholics, and with citizens devoted to American ideals, I am intensely interested in the preservation of educational freedom. In my judgment, this freedom is intimately connected with freedom to print and speak my sentiments, and freedom to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of conscience. No one defends license in these matters; but it is fatal to refrain from defending a proper liberty because of a timid fear that some license may thereby be encouraged. Educational freedom does not mean that any man may at any time set up a school, teach therein what he chooses, and escape all responsibility. The civil power has undoubted rights in connection with education. The State is justified in requiring a minimum of instruction in the elementary schools; it may insure, through examinations, conducted by itself or by others, a corps of competent teachers, and, although to assign limits at once satis-

factory, definite and proper, is exceedingly difficult, it may inquire into the moral character of the instructors. Further, it may rightly refuse to recognize colleges and professional schools which, in the judgment of unbiased examiners, are unable to impart the training rightly demanded from institutions of their grade.

Assuredly, it is not denied that the State may and should suppress an institution which inculcates lawlessness, sedition, or the overthrow by violence of the existing social and political order. Indeed, this is the duty of the State as the guardian of the public peace and of the common and private good. But it is indicative of the fanaticism of our day, that a school can be seriously hampered, even suppressed, not for what it has actually taught, but for what some silver-plated patriot fears it may teach. Should the faculty of the Rand School of Social Science labor under what to most of us must seem a delusion, that instead of returning to the Constitution, we ought to sink it in forty fathoms, the faculty is within its right in presenting to the students every rational argument in favor of the sinking. The professors may not, of course, instruct their pupils to violate the law, or urge them to scuttle the Constitution in a violent and piratical fashion. But they are under no obligation, social, civil, or moral, to teach that the Constitution of the United States is a perfect instrument, as unchangeable as Gibraltar, or Mr. Hugh Magill's love for the Towner-Sterling bill. Certainly neither the men who framed it nor the States which ratified, paid it that homage. On the contrary, they took the Constitution with doubts and reservations, and seized the first possible opportunity to amend it. Personally, I think that with all its shortcomings, it is at least a billion times more practicable than any Socialistic program I have ever seen; but the Rand School of Social Science does not, in my opinion, stray far from the right path of American political science, when it presumes to teach, along with the Declaration of Independence and the Farewell Address of Washington, that the people may change their form of government, when such change seems good. Even a government under which more millionaires per square mile are produced than under any other form of government, is not exempt from the general law, formulated by the author of the Declaration and the Father of his country.

If not declared unconstitutional by the court, the law which the school is protesting, should be repealed by the next legislature as contrary to public policy. In the course of his argument, Mr. Hillquit referred to an American doctrine which thus far has served us well:

The doctrine is well established in all jurisdictions in the United States, and nowhere more firmly than in the State of New York, that the common businesses and callings of life, the ordinary trades and pursuits which have been followed in the community from time immemorial, must be free to all alike, without hindrance or restriction. It cannot, of course, be successfully contended that the profession of teaching is not a common calling, and no right should be more jealously guarded against arbi-

trary interference and restrictions on part of the legislature, than *the broad and general right to teach*.

At present, it is commonly assumed that "the broad and general right to teach" is, in reality, no right at all, but a concession grudgingly granted by the civil power, and daily is this alleged concession threatened by both State and Federal interference. Today, the schools of the Socialists are under fire. Tomorrow, or as soon as the rights of a minority may be safely disregarded, our own will be the objects of attack. Indeed, as the experience of Michigan has evidenced, in some States the attack is in vigorous course. There is an essential antagonism between the fundamental principles of Socialism and the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church, and that antagonism will remain as long as the Socialistic philosophy dogmatizes in the fields of faith and morals. But we Catholics can welcome no such adventitious aid as may be given by depriving even our bitterest enemies of their least natural, social or political right.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

Sociology

An Appeal from Hawthorne's Daughter

IT is with pleasure that AMERICA publishes this appeal from Hawthorne's daughter, "Rose." With characteristic modesty, Mother Alphonsa says nothing of her own share in the noble work of which she is the foundress. Entering the Church with her husband in 1894, shortly after the death of Mr. Lathrop, she began her work for destitute sufferers from cancer. In 1896 she found her first patient, a worn-out old woman deserted by her family, and in a little house on Scammel Street, New York, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop served Christ in the person of His suffering child. In 1898, with about twenty companions, she was received into the Dominican Order, as the Congregation of St. Rose of Lima, and as "Mother Alphonsa," was appointed Superior of the new Congregation. Today, in quiet Westchester County, Mother Alphonsa, the beloved "Rose" of America's most beloved literary artist, still ministers to the destitute poor, an example to the Catholic social worker, of the sweet and inspiring message of the Saviour who had compassion on the multitude.—ED. AMERICA.

* * *

I am happy to write for AMERICA about a work for the cancerous poor which has been hopping along on one foot for years; but which its servers still believe in, and trust will finally be established in every part of America where poor are found to be suffering from this common disease. If I had been a little less stupid when starting out in the field I chose, I could easily have taken fright and left the premises by realizing the intrinsic futility of my hope; to avert further calamity from a respectably large group of cancer cases by asking people to come and see the situation themselves, and then roll

up their sleeves. There is nothing like a gold-craze about the definite sufferings of the poor. But I will now recommend to all who stop short at the threshold of charity-work, because they perceive that the atmosphere is languid and the future unusually vague, to go right on just as if they were stupidly uncalculating, not trusting at all in themselves, but in the needed work. There is a great joy of a peculiar sort, not to be described, in doing a work that is needed.

These innocents, these cancerous poor, have suffered in what appears to be a vain agony ever since those distant people died who regarded them properly, centuries ago. But of course they will have been very useful to the race-area subjected to cancer and poverty, if they call upon us from their epoch of yesterday to nurse and provide for their successors, when we think of their myriad untended deaths. Let those sufferers whom we find today and in a long tomorrow have our pity and help, and our consecrated lives. Cancerous poor are all over our country, and not a home for any of them. But they are a blessed people. They are Christ's poor. When justice was in flower it elected to call all suffering destitutes, "Our Lords, the Poor," and the hospital "God's Hostelry." One hardly dares to laugh at the idea, and probably we shall accept it before long, even in these days.

I once heard of a young doctor who had been found playing nurse to a poor old woman dying of cancer in her meager rural home, which she did not wish to leave for the local county-house. His secret became known to a few acquaintances, and he asked them to say nothing about it. In fact, he was furious. We thought him admirable, but we did not dream of emulating him, and kept firm hold of our horse-sense, which is a crippling thing in affairs of a high order. He is wiser who squanders one's self as those old saints used to do, and when they did it, they pleased the poor with deliberate intent. But there is a wall of granite between unfettered charity and the "canned" article. A strong work must be organized, to be sure, but it is a delicate affair, and as personal as the saving of a soul, or the raising of "the only son of his mother." Eventually a charity-worker will become convinced that human pity is too vast a force to be sealed up. It was fortunate for me that I began my efforts by burrowing underneath the ground my problem was standing on, a solitary and observant beaver, noting only what the cancerous poor seemed to want, and a fig for the rest. A measure of success could not but follow, since our good labor is something positively useful to others, even if we are not Camillus de Lellis, or the lovely Elizabeth in our spirit.

Our little handful of the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer give downright relief to a fraction of the class we nurse. We do not aim at condescension, but at friendship and devoted sisterliness, voluntary menial work, and subserviency to the wishes of our patients to

the limit of reasonable fancy. We are eager that the sick whom we invite into our homes may have less pain of body and less anguish of offended sentiments, or whatever it is that makes the heart break, while dying; and a surer promise of Heaven when they shall be free to go there. We should become, and we try to become, real relatives, the sort that stand by to the end, balking at no strain whatever as if we were of the same flesh and blood; the disease cannot interfere with that. This is our way when we love our own, and we must repeat it here. Unless a Servant of Relief will thus forget her personality she will never fill her part well; but the fact is, that women have it in them as a rule to do this, if people will only stand off, and let them. I am speaking of consecrated women, not of deputies. A concourse of women have asked to join us. Some could be considered; but of these a number have objected to our housework, not understanding, and perhaps not wishing to do so, that no nurse is trained until she makes herself proficient in the ordinary housework, cleaning, moderate cooking, and so on, which a patient would properly require of her, and that certainly the Superior would not require of her, work too arduous for her physical strength. Yet even if the flesh is weak, the spirit should be willing, and the attitude of mind that of a server; one who will spend herself. Some aspirants were too old, and tantalized us by being capable, pious, humble, but not able to join in our work at a time when we were so few that too much activity would be likely to fall to their share. The eligible aspirants have been comparatively scarce. Often young women who would gladly respond to what appears to be a call from God to the befriending of His neglected children of the Cross, are otherwise advised. There is undoubtedly, at present, too little of the taste for headlong oblation. The twenty-five members of our little Congregation of St. Rose of Lima are enthusiastic workers, which is a fact that established hope in our hearts. Read about St. Camillus and St. John of God and the many others whose soul-impulse answered very well for them, so that they squandered themselves, pleased the sick poor, and did what Christ told them was best.

Any soul which triumphs over the body to the extent of consecration in any form, feels, one would suppose, the loss of personality in a mighty change. Our efforts need earnest women that the charity may move forward speedily, and also money to provide for the fair sustenance of our patients. I write this descriptive statement to ask for the second need as well as the first. It is our duty to care for our folks at Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, New York, thirty miles out of the city in Westchester County. They are in danger, and have been for twenty-one years, of added distress from fire. The house in which forty of them may usually be found as a steady quota, now resembles a well-seasoned woodpile. We are begging to build a fireproof home as safe as the one which New York built for ninety of our other patients in the city home, St.

Rose's, 71 Jackson Street, that the creeping brush-fires which often play around us in Westchester may not eventually cause a tragedy. His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, approves of our appeal, made in trembling anxiety, to all who will consider by such a gift our moneyless men and women, served by destitute nurses.

MOTHER M. ALPHONSA LATHROP, O.S.D.

Note and Comment

Masons in Senate and House of Representatives

CATHOLICS may not be surprised to learn from the Masonic organ, the *Fellowship Forum*, that in both branches of Congress more than fifty per cent of the members belong to the Masonic Order. Five members of the House have attained "the thirty-third degree honor." They are George P. Darrow, of Philadelphia; Frank Murphy, of Steubenville, Ohio; William E. Andrews, of Hastings, Neb.; Allen T. Treadway, of Stockbridge, Mass., and William Kettner, of San Diego, Calif. Considering it to be "of interest, not to say of importance," to its readers whether their Congressmen or Senators are Masons, the paper offers the names of the Masonic brethren for each State. They number in all fifty-six Senators and 276 members of the House of Representatives. Pennsylvania stands in the lead with twenty-four Masonic Senators and Representatives.

Jewish Tales with Catholic Morals

IF Catholic writers of excellence devoted to distinctively Catholic work, are often inadequately appreciated by the Catholic reading public, their struggles, it would appear, are hardly more difficult than those of their Jewish comrades of the pen. In a letter contributed to the *American Israelite* by the Jewish playwright, Elma Ehrlich Levinger, reference is made to a group of promising young Jewish writers who wished to devote themselves to Jewish themes for Jewish readers. Before very long, it seems, all except one had drifted into other fields. Taking up the question of recognition by those of their own faith, this author says:

How many Jewish papers or Jewish leaders go out of their way to "boost" a Jewish book, unless it is written by a non-Jew or a Jew already acclaimed by the general public? Some of us have admired the prose poems of Rabbi Joel Blau for years and read them whenever they appeared in a Jewish paper; but the Jewish papers on the whole seemed unaware of his existence until he appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mrs. Hevesh of Chicago, has published several stories of Jewish life which in my humble opinion are among the finest sketches of contemporary life done by an American; they are almost ignored, but the Jewish press rose like one man to acclaim Violet Brother Shore's "The Heritage" an excellent tale which first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*! Or the matter of plays. Even when I was typing this paragraph the mail brought a check and an order for a little manuscript play (non-Jewish) which has had a very good sale chiefly because it has been favorably mentioned in

Drama; on the other hand, a play of mine dealing with a distinctly Jewish problem and published by a reputable firm has brought fewer returns and scarcely any mention in the Jewish press.

If a Jewish reader actually buys a Jewish book and is pleased with it, she adds, "he is likely to lend it to all his friends and relatives," but never thinks of getting them to purchase a copy for themselves. Catholics can draw their own parallels.

They Who Profit by Our Wars

HOW history repeats itself can be seen from the following passage incidentally quoted in the *Irish Rosary* and written by Samuel Johnson about a century and a half before the end of the World War:

If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might show his gains without inciting envy. But at the conclusion of a ten-years' war, how are we recompensed for the deaths of multitudes and the expense of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors and whose palaces rise like exhalations? These are the men who, without virtue, labor, or hazard, are growing rich, as their country is impoverished.

Supplying for the old-time "equipages" that "shine like meteors" the names of the latest types of luxurious limousines that speed like lightning, and shortening the ten years' war into a briefer space of more intense application to the task of slaughter, we might insert the Johnsonian passage into the latest editorial that goes to press and no one would suspect the plagiarism. It is equally applicable to almost every land that engaged in the bloody business of the recent war.

Death of Mgr. Duchesne

IN Mgr. Duchesne, one of the best-known figures in the ecclesiastical life of Paris and Rome passed away in the Eternal City in the last days of April. By his death, France loses a distinguished citizen and scholar and, whatever may have been said at one time against his orthodoxy and faith, the Church had in him a constantly loyal son. For a quarter of a century Mgr. Duchesne had resided in the City of the Popes and the Romans looked upon him as one of their fellow-citizens. Born in Brittany, September 13, 1843, Louis Duchesne was ordained priest in 1867, fifty-five years ago. For his thesis for the doctorate of letters he presented a remarkable study on the *Liber Pontificalis* which announced the line of research in which he was destined to achieve such success. After brilliant work as professor and lecturer at the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, he occupied the chairs of Christian archeology and history at the *Institut Catholique* of Paris. In 1900, he was appointed to the post in Rome of Protonotary Apostolic, in 1910, he was elected to the French Academy as successor to Cardinal Mathieu

and three years later, the French Government selected him to direct the *Ecole Française* in Rome. Mgr. Duchesne was an authority on all matters relating to the archeology and history of the early Church. He was the author of a "*Vie de Sainte Geneviève*," a learned study on pre-Carolingian liturgy, "*Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise*" and many other works. The "*Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise*" was condemned by Rome and excluded from all seminaries in Italy, until the corrections demanded were incorporated in the text. Much was made by the infidel and anti-clerical press in France and Italy of the ecclesiastical ban placed upon the book, and the prediction was made that the writer would soon sever all allegiance to Rome. But Mgr. Duchesne disappointed these prophets of evil for he at once declared himself a faithful son of the Church.

The Incomprehensible Government

THE second issue of the new monthly magazine, the *Budget*, devoted to the advocacy of economy and efficiency in the business of government, concludes with a lengthy extract from a speech by Senator James W. Wadsworth. Advocating the installation of a budget system, to enable the average citizen to "know something about what his Government is doing with his money," the Senator makes this bold statement:

The truth of the matter is that the Federal Government has become so complicated under our hodge-podge way of carrying it on, its ramifications have reached such an extent, and its undertakings have become so huge that I venture to say, with all respect to my colleagues in the Senate and to other public officers, that there is not a man alive today, from the President down, who understands and comprehends the Government of the United States. It is beyond the ken of individuals, or of any individual, as at present organized.

And yet in addition to all this confusion it is to take up the financing and control of our schools, the care of motherhood, and a hundred other things that are none of its concern. Not even a budget system can save us in this welter. A return to sanity is needed first of all, and then a return to American ideals.

Fatal Accidents in Industry

THE terrible frequency of accidents in American industry is again illustrated in the figures recently issued by the Pennsylvania Workmen's Compensation board. Industrial accidents in that State alone, between January 1, 1916 and March 31, 1922, reached the stupendous number of 1,171,668. Of these 16,661 were fatal, 3,200 involved permanent disability, and 1,151,807 temporary disability. The fatal accidents during the first three months of the present year in Pennsylvania were 495. Since the inception of the workmen's compensation act, January 1, 1916, there were 403,053 compensation agreements approved in the State. The compensations for fatal industrial accidents totaled \$33,480,497.